

THE LIVING AGE.

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THE BALLAD OF THE HOMING MAN.

He saw the sun, the Light-giver, step
down behind the oak,
And send a tawny arrow-shaft along
the engine smoke.

He saw the last brown harvester lift
up from mother-earth
The sheaf that holds a mystery—the
seed of death and birth;

And like a place in Paradise, the
empty stubble-field
Waited, to watch the hock-cart go, with
the children she did yield.

He saw far-off the homing crows sail
into mottled sky—
Saw horse and horseman flag and tire,
and trees like men go by.

He saw a woman close a door upon
the warm firelight
That open is the brow of day and
closed the shade of night.

He saw above the shallows the first
lamps, lemon-hued
Lead out the painted suburb into the
hazel wood.

He saw the bob-tailed rabbits above
the stoneman's pit,
Where the years went, as the trains
go, all unaware of it.

Another mile, the roofs begin; the
rigid wilderness,
The smoke, the murky omens, upon his
heartbeat press.

The nightfall of the townsfolk, the
ferment of the place,
Work like sharp ichor in his blood, like
salt reek in the face.

But where the fields are fragrant and
the moody town is pass'd,
There is a house, an open door; a face,
a fire, at last.

"Three voices in a doorway," he
says,—“a woman's form,
“And a lighted hearth behind her, can
make a desert warm;

“And what is Heaven but a house, like
any other one,

“Where the homing man finds harbor,
and the hundred roads are done?”

Ernest Rhys.

The English Review.

MY FAITH.

We in this weary world,
Beset with littleness and steeped in
strife,
Tortured with doubt and dreamings
unfulfilled,
Never at one with longing and with
life,—

How can we help, in such black dark-
ness hurled,
But ask to what sad end that world
was willed?

Yet, turn we from the sorry-seeming
show,

Face the blue seas and the glad hills
and sky,

Look inward and confront our naked
soul

(Poor soul, that from its heaven sinks
so low!

Great soul, that from the gutter looks
so high!)

And asks what all this mystery can
tell,

Star calls to star and pole to Sundered
pole

“All's well!”

E. Cranckshay-Williams.

The Westminster Gazette.

AN OLD SONG.

The almond-bloom is overpast, the
cherry blossoms blow;

I never loved but one man, and I never
told him so.

My flowers will never come to fruit,
but I have kept my pride—

A little, cold, and lonely thing, and I
have nought beside.

The spring wind caught my flowering
dreams, they lightly blew away.

I never had but one true love, and he
died yesterday.

Dorothea Mackellar.

The Spectator.

THE WAR IN THE BALKANS.

A short time ago I read an interesting account of Sir Max Waechter's recent journey to the capitals of Turkey and all the other Balkan States.¹ He had visited these towns with the object of laying before the Sovereigns of the Balkan States and their Ministers proposals for abolishing war by the creation of a European Federation of States. All the Balkan Sovereigns and Ministers whom he had seen had expressed themselves sympathetically and favorably, and had agreed to accept the *status quo*. To-day all the Balkan States are at war; Russia, Austria-Hungary, and Italy are arming, and people are anxiously discussing the possibility of a world war. The sudden transition from peace to war appears inexplicable to those unacquainted with the realities of foreign policy, and many people are asking: Why has the war broken out? Could it have been prevented by diplomacy? Is it likely to spread beyond the Balkan Peninsula? What steps should Great Britain take? In the following pages an attempt will be made to answer these questions.

In July, 1908, the Turkish Revolution broke out. It was a great and immediate success. Never in the world's history had there been so successful a revolution or one so bloodless. As by magic, Turkey was changed from a mediæval State into a modern democracy. The Turkish masses were rejoicing. Old feuds were forgotten. Mahomedans and Christians fraternized. The words Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, Parliamentarism, and Democracy were on all lips. Overnight a new Turkey had arisen. Soon the leaders of Young Turkey began to assert the right and

claims of the new-born State. We were told that European intervention in the affairs of Turkey would no longer be tolerated, and that those parts of the Turkish Empire which, though nominally subject to the Sultan, were no longer under Turkish control, would have to be handed back. Great Britain was to restore Egypt and Austria-Hungary Bosnia and Herzegovina. Many Englishmen endorsed these claims, and told us that a new era had opened in the East. At that time only a few people ventured to doubt whether the Turkish Revolution would be a lasting success. I think I was the only British publicist who immediately and unhesitatingly foretold that Parliamentary Government in Turkey was bound to be a failure, and that it would inevitably lead to the formation of a Balkan Confederation which would attack Turkey. I wrote in *The Fortnightly Review* for October, 1908, in an article entitled "The Future of Turkey":—

"European Turkey has about 6,000,000 inhabitants, of whom only about one-third are Turks.

"The young Turks have the choice of two evils. They must either follow a Liberal or a Conservative policy. If they follow a Liberal policy, if they introduce Parliamentary representation, self-government and majority rule in Turkey in general, and in Macedonia in particular, the Christians will be the majority, and it seems likely that they will then oust the Turkish minority and convert the ruling race into a ruled race. A Liberal policy will, therefore, bring about the rapid disintegration of the Turkish Empire.

Foreseeing the danger of allowing the alien elements to be further strengthened, many patriotic Turks have demanded that a vigorous Conservative policy should be pursued which will abolish the national differ-

¹ S. Munz, "Balkan Herrscher und Staatsmanner," Vienna, 1912.

ences among the alien races and between the alien races and the Turks. They demand that a Turkish national policy should be initiated, that the aliens should be nationalized in Turkish national schools, that Turkish shall be the language of Turkey, that the Greek, Bulgarian, and other schools shall be closed. Will Bulgaria, Greece, and Servia quietly look on while the work of a generation is being undone? Will the Greeks, Serbs, and Bulgarians residing in Turkey allow themselves to be denationalized more or less forcibly? Besides, can they be denationalized against their will except by destroying the Parliamentary and democratic Government, the Constitution of yesterday, and by re-introducing the ancient absolutism in an aggravated form? Two hundred years ago the Turks could easily have nationalized the alien races by means of the church and the school, but it seems that it is now too late to make an attempt at turning the subject races into Turks.

"In endeavoring to settle the conflicts among the alien nationalities and between the aliens and the Turks, the path of the new Turkish Government will scarcely be smooth. *The Balkan States* are watching events with attention. Although they congratulated the new Turkish Government, they have no interest in Turkey's regeneration, and they are bound to oppose the Ottomanization of their compatriots in Turkey. Therefore, they may be expected to draw the sword and to face Turkey unitedly if they see their plans of expansion threatened by the nationalization of the alien elements in Turkey."

Unfortunately, my forecast has come true in every particular.

The failure of New Turkey was natural. It was unavoidable. Ancient States are ponderous and slow-moving bodies. Their course can be deflected and their character be altered only by gradual evolution, by slow and almost imperceptible changes spread over a long space of time. Democracy, like a tree, is a thing of slow growth, and it requires a congenial soil. It cannot be created overnight in Turkey,

Persia, or China. The attempt to convert an ancient Eastern despotism, firmly established on a theocratic basis, a country in which the Koran and the Multeka are the law of the land, into a Western democracy based on the secular speculations of Rousseau, Montesquieu, Bentham, Mill, and Spencer was ridiculous. The revolution effected only an outward change. It introduced some Western innovations, but altered neither the character of the Government nor that of the people. Turkish Parliamentaryism became a sham and a make-believe. The cruel absolutism of Abdul Hamid was speedily followed by the scarcely less cruel absolutism of a secret committee.

The new rulers of the country were mostly very young men, who were conspicuous for their enthusiasm and their daring, but not for their judgment and experience. They had picked up on the boulevards and in the Quartier Latin of Paris and in Geneva the sonorous phrases of Western democracy and demagoguery, and with these they impressed, not only their fellow-citizens, but also the onlookers in Europe. Having obtained power, they embarked upon a campaign of nationalization. However, instead of trying to nationalize the non-Turkish millions slowly and gradually by kind and just treatment coupled with a moderate amount of nationalizing pressure, they began ruthlessly to make war upon the language, and to suppress the churches, schools, and other institutions of the non-Turkish citizens, whom they disarmed and deprived of their ancient rights. The complaints and remonstrances of the persecuted were answered with redoubled persecution, with violence, and with massacre, and soon serious revolts broke out in all parts of the Empire. The young Turks followed faithfully in Abdul Hamid's footsteps. However, Abdul Hamid was clever enough always to

play off one nationality or race against the other. In his Balkan policy, for instance, he encouraged Greek Christians to slay Christian Bulgarians and Servians, and allowed Bulgarian bands to make war upon Servians and Greeks, supporting, on principle, one nationality against the other. But the Young Turks persecuted indiscriminately and simultaneously all non-Turkish races, Albanians, Bulgarians, Servians, and Greeks, and thus they brought about the union of the Balkan States against themselves.

The outbreak of the war could scarcely have been prevented by the European Powers. It was bound to come. It was as inevitable as was the breakdown of the Young Turkish régime. Since the earliest times the Turks have been a race of nomadic warriors. Their policy has always been to conquer nations, to settle among the conquered, and to rule them, keeping them in strict and humiliating subjection. They have always treated the subject peoples harshly and contemptuously. Unlike other conquerors, they have never tried to create among the conquered a great and homogeneous State which would have promised permanence, but, nomad-like, have merely created military settlement among aliens. Therefore, the alien subjects of the Turks have remained aliens in Turkey. They have not become citizens of the Empire. As the Turks did not try to convert the conquered to Islam—the Koran forbids proselytism by force—and to nationalize them, the subjected and ill-treated alien masses never amalgamated with the ruling Turks, but always strove to regain their liberty by rebellion. Owing to the mistakes made in its creation, the Turkish Empire has been for a long time an Empire in the process of disintegration. Its later history consists of a long series of revolts, of which the

present outbreak is the latest, but scarcely the last, instance.

The failure of the new Turkish régime has increased to the utmost the century-old antagonism between the ruling Turks and their Christian subjects. The accounts of the sufferings of their brothers across the borderline, inflicted upon them by Constitutional Turkey, which had promised such great things, had raised the indignation of the Balkan peoples to fever heat and had made an explosion of popular fury inevitable. The war fever increased when it was discovered that Servians, Bulgarians, and Greeks were at last of one mind, and that Turkey's strength had been undermined by revolts in all parts of the Empire and by the Turkish-Italian war. The Turks, on the other hand, were not unnaturally indignant with the perfidy of the Christian Powers, which, instead of supporting Turkey in her attempts at reform, had snatched valuable territories from her immediately after her revolution. Not unnaturally, they attributed the failure of the new régime and the revolts of their subjects to the machinations of the Christian States, and the Balkan troubles to the hostile policy of the Balkan States. The tension on both sides became intolerable. If the Balkan States had not mobilized, a revolution would have broken out in Sofia and Belgrade, for the people demanded war. If the Turkish Government had given way to the Balkan States, a revolution would have broken out in Constantinople. The instinct of self-preservation forced the Balkan Governments and Turkey into war. The passions of race-hatred had become uncontrollable.

Obedient to the clamor of the public, which believed that the inevitable collision of these elemental forces could be stayed by waving a piece of paper in the face of the antagonists, the Great Powers united in making

energetic representations at the various Courts. The presentation of the notes was slightly delayed—not through England's fault. But nothing could have prevented the war except a timely demonstration of overwhelming force. Such a demonstration could not have been made collectively by the European Powers but only by Austria-Hungary. The Danube forms the frontier between Servia and Austria-Hungary, and Belgrade, the capital of Servia, lies on the Danube. Austria-Hungary, having a fleet of monitors on that river, can occupy Belgrade in a few hours. She could have prevented the war by concentrating a division or two opposite Belgrade, calling up her monitors, and informing Servia that an attack upon Turkey would immediately be followed by the occupation of Belgrade. Roumania, which usually marches hand in hand with Austria, is separated by the Danube from Bulgaria. She might simultaneously have taken similar steps at Sofia. Why were these steps, the only ones which would have promised success, not taken? There are two possibilities. Either Austria-Hungary did not care to rouse the enmity of the Balkan States and of their Slavonic sympathizers in Russia by preventing a war which appeared just to all Slavs and which they believed they would win, or the outbreak of the war was welcome to Austria's diplomacy.

In considering the question whether the war is likely to be confined to the Balkan Peninsula, we must first of all take note of the historic antagonism which divides Austria-Hungary and Russia in the Balkans.

The position of Austria-Hungary is a difficult one. Austria-Hungary contains about as many different nationalities as Turkey, which State she resembles in many ways. Sixteen different languages are spoken in that coun-

try. The Germans rule the Austrian half, and the Magyars the Hungarian half, of the Monarchy. Now the Germans and Magyars combined form, not a majority, but only a minority, of the population, for of the 52,000,000 inhabitants only 12,000,000 are Germans and 9,000,000 Magyars. The 21,000,000 Germans and Magyars, who occupy the middle of the country, are enveloped on the north, east and south by about 25,000,000 Slavs. The Slavonic peoples of Austria-Hungary are mostly somewhat backward in civilization. They have hitherto been kept back by the ruling Germans and Magyars in various ways which it would take too long to describe. Notwithstanding the Parliamentary institutions of the country, the Slavs do not possess that influence in Parliament which their number should give. However, their influence is gradually increasing. They are demanding political equality, and as the birth-rate among the Slavs is considerably higher than it is among the Germans and the Magyars, Austria-Hungary is in danger of being swamped by her Slavonic citizens. The danger is to some extent lessened by the fact that the Slavs of Austria-Hungary are divided by the various languages which they speak, and the Government tries to increase their divisions. Besides the internal, there is the external, danger of Slavism, the danger of pressure from the adjacent Slav States upon Austria-Hungary. Austria-Hungary's neighbors towards the north, east, and south are Russia, Roumania, and Servia. These three Slavonic States touch the Slavonic parts of Austria-Hungary. The spirit of Pan-Slavism is by no means dead. Of the Slavs in Austria-Hungary, 2,000,000 are Roumanians and no fewer than 5,500,000 are Servians. The Servians in Servia, who number only 3,000,000, dream of a Greater Ser-

via, and the Roumanians of a Greater Roumania, both of which States could be created only at the cost of Austria-Hungary. On account of the Slavonic danger alone, Austria-Hungary is not desirous to see the Slavonic Balkan States become too strong, and especially those with which her relations are none too friendly.

The most serious war which Austria-Hungary can contemplate, and for which she must prepare, is a war with Russia. In such a war Russia might conceivably be aided by the Slavonic Balkan States which she freed from the Turkish yoke, and to which she might promise the adjacent territories of Austria-Hungary which are peopled by men of their own race and language. As the armies of the Balkan States could seriously threaten the flank of an Austrian army facing Russia, it is in the interest of Austria-Hungary that the Balkan States should be weak and divided among themselves.

The Balkan Peninsula is the most promising field for the expansion of Austria-Hungary. Powerful Balkan States would form a formidable obstacle to her progress in the direction of Salonica or of Constantinople. A great Balkan war would therefore improve the chances of Austria-Hungary to expand towards the south-east. If Austria-Hungary feels afraid of the armies of Russia, she must desire to see Turkey strong and support her by all means in her power. If, on the other hand, Austria-Hungary believes that she need not fear Russia, it will be in her interest to see Turkey and the Balkan States weaken one another by internecine warfare, for then she will more easily be able to reach Salonica or Constantinople. Austria's threatening attitude towards Russia in 1908, when she incorporated Bosnia and Herzegovina, shows that she fears

Russia no longer. The changed appreciation of Russia's power which the Russo-Japanese war has brought about, has evidently changed Austria's, and also Germany's policy towards Turkey. This has been evident to all observers during the last few years, and herein lies the reason that the two Germanic Powers did not try to prevent Turkey being attacked by the Balkan States when they might easily have done so. They appear to have ulterior objects in the Balkan Peninsula. Otherwise they would scarcely have left Turkey to her fate.

In the Balkan Peninsula Russia and Austria-Hungary are at cross purposes. Since the time of Peter the Great, Russia has striven to acquire Constantinople, but Austria-Hungary also desires to become Turkey's heir. Up to 1639 the Turkish Empire extended as far as Neubäusel, near Vienna, and included Buda-Pesth. When the Turks threatened to overwhelm Europe—they besieged Vienna in 1529 and 1683—they were defeated by Austria, and it became Austria's aim to defend European civilization and to conquer the Turkish Empire step by step. Austria expanded Eastward at Turkey's expense, and she seemed destined to become Turkey's heir when the meteoric development of Russia's power under Peter the Great, and Peter's victorious wars with the Turks, suddenly raised another claimant to the Turkish heritage. Ever since the time of Peter the Great, Russia and Austria-Hungary have endeavored to advance their frontiers towards the Golden Horn, and have watched one another with jealousy and suspicion.

Russia's desire to possess Constantinople springs not only from historical, but also from weighty strategical and economic reasons. The Dardanelles are the door to Russia's house. The Crimean War has shown that a hostile

Power controlling the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus can attack Russia in a most vulnerable part. Besides, the most fruitful and most densely populated provinces of Russia are those in the south which lie on, or close to, the Black Sea, which are watered by the Dnieper, Don, and Volga, and which depend on the Dardanelles for an outlet. Hence, two-thirds of Russia's water-borne foreign trade depends upon the free use of the Black Sea. The Black Sea trade is very important to Great Britain, because we receive thence a very large part of our wheat, but it is far more important to Russia. If the Dardanelles are closed, Great Britain can replace Russian wheat with Argentine or Canadian wheat, but Russia cannot sell at all her wheat grown in the south, because transport by rail is too expensive. The closing of the Dardanelles would therefore be ruinous to Russia. Russia's Black Sea trade is rapidly increasing, and it is susceptible of unlimited expansion. It is clear that for political and economic reasons Russia cannot allow Constantinople to fall into the hands of a strong European Power.

Austria's desire either to possess Constantinople or to prevent Russia from possessing it, which has guided her policy during more than a century, arises also from historical, strategical, and economic reasons. Her historical claims to the Turkish heritage have been briefly mentioned. Her strategical and economic claims and the antagonism of the Austrian and Russian claims to the control of the Dardanelles were expressed by Field-Marshal Radetzky, her greatest strategist of modern times, in the following words:—

"... Owing to her geographical position, Russia is the national and eternal enemy of Turkey. The huge territory of that Empire can send its produce only through the narrow gates of the Baltic, and through the Bosphorus.

Russia must, therefore, do all she can to take possession of Constantinople, for its possession grants to her the necessary security and territorial completeness.

"The so-called Oriental Programme has often been adjourned at St. Petersburg, but has never been dropped. The anxiety of Europe, in view of the immense Russian preponderance, cannot be hidden. Everywhere plans of defence are being prepared against the threatening spectre.

"Russia is no doubt the most dangerous neighbor of Austria, and nothing is more unlikely than that we shall remain constantly at peace with her. Already her population is twice as large as ours, and the high birth-rate of Russia must double her population every fifty-four years, and quadruple it every one hundred and eight years. She also possesses the possibility of becoming the richest nation in the world by paying due attention to her agriculture and her other industries.

"In our own country, a powerful element (the Slavs) extends from the Bukowina to Croatia. It is related to the Russians by religion and language, and this powerful element is in favor of Russia. All these circumstances force us to the conclusion that Russia is the Power from which the greatest peril threatens us.

Russia's geographical position makes it indispensable for her to keep open the Bosphorus and the Sound. She can secure the former only by dividing its shores between two independent Powers, or by taking possession of it. Austria might permit the former, and might also permit Russia to possess an isolated fortress on the Straits similar to Gibraltar. But Austria can never tolerate that Russia should incorporate Turkey in part or whole, for in that case Austria would be hemmed in and controlled by Russia.

"The Danube is Austria's main artery. Its lower reaches and its mouths in the Black Sea are as necessary to Austria as the Sound and the Dardanelles are to Russia, and, in order to utilize the Danube freely, Austria requires also the free use of the Dardanelles. Hence it follows that the

conflicting interests of Austria and Russia must lead to war unless both nations be able to arrive at an agreement with regard to Turkey."

The foregoing extracts are very interesting because they sum up the considerations which have inspired the policy of Austria-Hungary towards Russia in the past. However, the Field-Marshal's statement, that the economic interests of Russia and Austria-Hungary in the freedom of the Black Sea are equally great is no longer correct. It is true that the Black Sea is a clearing house of Russian and of Austrian trade. But no figures need be given to show that its economic importance is immeasurably greater to Russia than it is to Austria-Hungary.

Europe is getting weary of the eternal Balkan question, and wishes for its final solution. Already weighty warnings are raised in various countries that the Balkan question must now be settled for all time, whatever may be the issue of the present struggle.

The Russian Government has stated that it does not intend to intervene, and we have no cause to doubt its intentions. Russia's statesmen are in favor of peace, either for altruistic reasons or because they think that Russia is still enfeebled by her unfortunate war with Japan and requires rest. However, we must not forget that wars are made more often by passion than by calculating reason. There is a strong sentimental strain in the Russian character. Race wars are the most sanguinary wars. The horrors of the Balkan war—it will probably be waged against women and children by both combatants—may again rouse the passions of the Russian people, as in the past, and they may force their Government to intervene against its will.

The exhausted Turks could not re-

sist for long a Russian army. A Russian attack upon Turkey would be very unwelcome to Austria-Hungary. Her armed intervention would almost certainly lead to an Austrian mobilization, and it might bring about a collision between the two countries. Possibly the Czar Liberator would be satisfied to assume again his historic role as the Protector of the Slavonic Balkan States, the territories of which would become greatly enlarged. Such a development would appear undesirable to Austria-Hungary, for she dreads the growth of the Slav States, which hem her in on three sides. Possibly Russia would aim at indemnifying herself by acquiring the control, but not necessarily the possession, of Constantinople. She might arrange with the Turkish Government for a veiled protectorate, as she did in 1833 at the treaty of Unklar Skelessi. The question of Constantinople may soon come up for settlement, but before examining it let us consider the consequences of a decisive defeat of Turkey at the hands of the allied Balkan States.

Before the outbreak of war, the Great Powers informed the Balkan States that they would not be allowed to make any territorial acquisitions should they be victorious. The Balkan States replied that it was not their intention to extend their frontiers, and that they had taken up arms merely in order to secure good government for their brethren across the border. It is unlikely that the Christian provinces will be put back under Turkey's control. At the end of the war the Powers would either forget their official threats, or the provinces conquered by the allies would be made semi-independent. They would remain subject to a purely nominal Turkish sovereignty, and in course of time these semi-independent provinces would gravitate towards their racial affinities and amalgamate with them.

The history of Bulgaria would repeat itself.

Turkey's defeat may lead to the intervention of Austria-Hungary, for Austria-Hungary would not look with favor upon the aggrandizement of the Slavonic Balkan States. If Austria-Hungary should attempt to deprive the victorious States of the fruits of their victory, either with the intention of re-establishing Turkey or of extending her own power in the Balkan Peninsula, Russia would almost certainly consider her interests most seriously threatened, and would act with vigor.

There are only two ways of bringing Russia and Austria-Hungary into line. One consists in shelving the Balkan question by again setting Turkey upon her legs. The other consists in dividing the Balkan Peninsula between Russia and Austria-Hungary.

It seems unlikely that the Powers of Europe will once more re-establish a defeated Turkey. European Turkey is a purely artificial State. Turkish rule in Europe would have ceased long ago had not the European Powers come to Turkey's aid in order to prevent a war for the possession of Constantinople between Russia and Austria-Hungary and their supporters. Europe has saved Turkey from destruction in 1840, in 1856, and 1878. She has propped up the tottering Empire in the expectation that Turkey would reform herself and become a strong modern State, willing to treat her numerous Christian subjects justly, and able to act as the guardian of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus. The weakness of Turkey is a permanent danger to the peace of Europe. Hence it must be seriously doubted whether Turkey can be propped up a fourth time. The best friends of Turkey are losing hope, and many of them wish for a final settlement.

A final settlement might apparently be found in the partition of Turkey.

Hitherto Austria-Hungary has prevented Russia taking Constantinople, but she has scarcely done so in the hope of acquiring Constantinople for herself. Austria-Hungary could obviously hold Constantinople only after the most complete Russian defeat, a defeat which would make her recovery improbable. Austria-Hungary would scarcely accept Constantinople as a free gift. Its possession would involve war with Russia and the united Balkan States. Austria-Hungary possesses only a small fleet, and if she be separated from Constantinople by hostile Balkan States she will scarcely be able to hold it for long. While Austria-Hungary can hardly wish to acquire Constantinople, her reservation of the Sanjak of Novi Bazar shows that she does not desire to see the road towards the south-east blocked by the Balkan States.

Whilst Russia makes the strongest claims upon the possession of Constantinople for strategical and economic reasons, Austria desires equally strongly the possession of the harbor of Salonica. If the present war should bring about the end of Turkish rule in Europe, a consummation which is by no means impossible, a collision between Russia and Austria-Hungary and their supporters—a war, not between two Powers, but between two groups of Powers, which may eventually drag in Great Britain, can be avoided only by a partition which would give Constantinople to Russia and Salonica to Austria-Hungary. Such a partition would offer great difficulties. In the first place, it would meet with opposition on the part of the Balkan States. In the second place, various European Powers would, for the advantages accruing to Austria-Hungary and Russia, demand compensation, which these two States might find difficult to furnish. Italy, for instance, would probably demand

the control of Albania, which Austria-Hungary would be reluctant to concede. Roumania might demand Russian Bessarabia, and Germany would certainly not allow herself to be left out. The settlement of the Balkan question bristles with difficulties and unexpected possibilities of the most dangerous kind.

The partition of European Turkey would create numerous zones of dangerous friction between States, and would cut across many existing international arrangements and friendships. It might destroy the Triple Alliance or the Triple Entente. The present war will scarcely bring about a final settlement of the Balkan question. It is more likely to mark the beginning of a series of great wars for the control of Constantinople. The danger is great that the conflagration will spread beyond the Balkan Peninsula. Constantinople is an object of the very greatest value to several States. The question of its possession cannot be settled peacefully by the European Powers but only by war, and more than one war may be required for the final settlement. It may well lead to a struggle between the Germanic and the Slavonic races, and Germany may discover before long that her future lies not on the water, as William II. has told her, but on the land. We may be approaching a period of wars similar to those which marked the Napoleonic era. The map of Europe may have to be remade.

What steps should Great Britain take, in view of the serious consequences to which the present war may give rise? Some desire that Great

The Fortnightly Review.

Britain should endeavor to stop the war by calling a European Conference. In view of the divergent interests of the Great Powers in the Balkans, such a Conference would probably have no practical result. Very likely it would only serve to show that the European Concert is rather a journalistic than a diplomatic fiction. The interests of the Great Powers in Turkey clash. Therefore the combined European Great Powers cannot influence the course of events. The so-called European Concert can produce useless notes, but it is incapable of prompt and vigorous action.

The Balkan problem is an exceedingly complicated one, and as nobody can foretell how the crisis will develop, we must be prepared for the worst contingencies. Although the Balkan question touches more immediately the Continental Powers, Great Britain must be watchful, and must be ready to make her influence felt at the right moment. She may be forced to intervene against her will. As the Balkan crisis may upset many existing international arrangements, we must be doubly cautious and doubly ready. There are many weak spots in the national armor. Hence the Government should without delay make provision for all eventualities. The much overdue Supplementary Naval Estimates, which have been announced long ago, should be brought in without delay, and the work in hand be accelerated. The British Fleet should be prepared for all emergencies, and be able to fulfil at the shortest notice all demands which the future may make upon it.

J. Ellis Barker.

A RAILWAY MAN'S LIFE IN THE "SIXTIES."

It is curious how little was written or has been preserved about our railways during their "middle-ages," so to speak; that is, between the years 1850 and 1880. The story of their origin and the lives of the pioneer engineers and promoters form a bibliography, while within the last fifteen or twenty years a large number of books dealing both semi-technically and popularly with every phase of modern railway working and management have been published. In short, the fascination wielded by the railway is now thoroughly realized, and a regular literature has sprung up to meet it.

Most of what went on during the intervening period, when railways were consolidating their position, and travellers were reaping the results of imperfect solutions of problems of safe working, has, however, passed into oblivion. Practically no popular book upon railways was written at that time, perhaps, because publishers accepted as irrefutable Ruskin's maxim, that steam had knocked the romance out of travel, and robbed it of all incident. Did they but exist, the memoirs of the great railway managers of the "middle-ages"—as, for example, those of Sir James Allport, Sir Daniel Gooch, Sir Richard Moon, Captain Hulsh, Mr. Seymour Clarke, and Mr. James Grierson—would supply the missing link and furnish most interesting reading.

In the year 1879, however, a very accurate, graphic, and humorous account of a railwayman's life and the inefficient methods of railway working in the "sixties" and early "seventies" was written by an ex-stationmaster on the Great Western Railway, under the pseudonym of "Ernest Struggles." The full title of the work is "Ernest Struggles: or the Comic Incidents and Anxious Moments in Connection with the Life

of a Stationmaster. By One who Endured it." In his preface the author says:

The next generation will smile at the amusement furnished by a record of things as they are, for they will doubtless appear as absurd to them as the foolish notions which actuated our fathers, in their opposition to the formation of railways, do to us.

This little book is very rare, for the Great Western Company practically achieved its suppression. Its sale was prohibited at the book-stalls on the line, and any employé found in possession of a copy became a marked man. The book is not in the British Museum, neither does it figure in the "English Catalogue." The reason of all this bother was the light it threw upon contemporary railway management, and the harsh conditions under which the rank and file of the railway army labored. Further, the book contains a gallery of caustic portraits of the Great Western heads of departments, from the Chairman downwards, whose identity is thinly veiled by play upon names. For example, Sir Daniel Gooch figures as "Gabriel Goudge." In 1880 a second part appeared; but it is not nearly so piquant or interesting as the first.

One of the oldest Great Western officials lent the present writer an annotated copy of the whole, and at the same time gave him many curious reminiscences in elucidation of parts of the work. This gentleman was well acquainted with "Mr. Struggles," whom he sums up as "cheek personified." Our literary stationmaster describes himself as "twenty years of age, six feet high, able to translate fifty lines of Ovid, speak French, carry a sack of beans, break a horse, and write a tolerable hand," when he joined the

"Great Smash Railway" about the year 1860. The directors then appointed the salaried staff, and he obtained his appointment through influence, for his father had been a large farmer near Twyford through whose land the railway ran.

The Great Western Railway of the "sixties" was not the immense, wealthy, and well-organized undertaking it is to-day. The railway was then a comparatively small one. The broad-gauge fiasco had brought its fortunes to a low ebb, and when Mr. Grierson became General Manager in 1863 its stock stood at about 47. Shortly after his appointment Mr. Grierson came to the chairman, Sir Daniel Gooch, with the news that there was not enough money to pay that week's wages, and unless something heroic were done the line would be in the hands of receivers on the following Monday. The crisis was weathered by the sale of Westbourne Park Villas to a syndicate for £165,000. Not many years later the Company had to buy back one side of its former property, in order to widen the lines between Bishop's Road and Westbourne Park, and the price paid was £250,000, it is said.

But if the G. W. R. of half a century ago was nicknamed the "Getting Worse Rapidly," Paddington was distinguished as an intellectual centre. The clerical staff produced an excellent magazine,¹ devoted to art and literature, and were enthusiastic supporters of Maurice's Working Men's College in Great Ormonde Street. Further, they were responsible for a most proficient dramatic society, at whose representations Sir Daniel Gooch, Lord Barrington (the Vice-Chairman), and other high officers performed with the humblest clerk in whom histrionic talent was discovered, while the female roles were assigned to such eminent

professionals as Mrs. Keeley, although her last professional appearance was in 1859.

It is odd to think that in the old days, if opportunity occurred, aggrieved passengers could immediately carry their complaints before the Board of Directors. On his first visit to Paddington "Struggles" saw the stationmaster engaged in a violent discussion with a country clergyman, who seemed to have lost all control of himself, and was vociferously demanding to be shown to the Board Room. Eventually the stationmaster took him there.

Addressing the Chairman, the parson cried:

"I never was more grossly insulted in my life, and if I did not bring the matter instantly before you I should consider myself unworthy of the Church of England. I am a shareholder in this great Company, and I demand nothing less than the man's immediate dismissal. I have taken his number. It is 594, Porter."

"Send for the man," said the Chairman.

When the porter stood before the directors the complainant continued: "I arrived by the last up train, and on asking this man for my luggage, he told me to go to—. I can scarcely believe my senses, but I emphatically state that he said it."

The directors looked much shocked, and Porter No. 594 was asked what he had to say in answer to the charge.

"Well, gen'lemen," he replied, "the gent, he comed out of the train, and he says to me, says he, 'Porter, where's my luggage?' and I says, says I, 'What's your name, Sur?' and he says 'Lester,' and in course I told him to go to 'L,' and he thought I meant t'other place, and wouldn't 'ear no reason."

The explanation, of course, being that the luggage was taken to an enclosed space, in front of which the let-

¹ This imitated the "Cornhill Magazine" in design and color of cover.

ters of the alphabet were arranged, and from which the luggage was distributed in alphabetical order.

While terribly long hours—sixteen, eighteen, and even twenty-four hours without rest—were common at busy stations, the staff of the smallest ones, at which only the Parliamentary trains called, enjoyed a good deal of leisure. Mr. Gladstone's Cheap Trains Act of 1844 first gave the third-class passenger a covered vehicle, a seat, and a minimum speed of twelve miles an hour inclusive of stops, at a fare of 1d. a mile. The Act, however, compelled the running of only one such train in each direction daily, and for many years the Companies refused to exceed their statutory obligations by adding to the number. In order to keep the speed down to the legal minimum, the cheap trains were otherwise objectlessly shunted for long intervals at junctions. During these waits the passengers generally adjourned to an adjacent public-house,² being escorted thither by the guard, who earned a commission on the custom he brought.

While "Struggles" was serving his apprenticeship as a booking-clerk at country stations, where the telegraph was not yet installed, he found ample opportunities for fishing and shooting. The railwaymen of those days appear to have been great sportsmen, or, rather, poachers. Partridges were fond of sanding themselves on the line, which was not then ballasted with dustless material like granite chippings or broken trap-rock. Engines often ran into a covey, and killed a few birds. The driver of the next train met was told, and he feigned an excuse for stopping in order to retrieve the game, going halves with his informant. Drivers even carried guns in the tool-box, and blazed at coveys in the fields as they steamed past. A pilot engine would

then go off and search for the game. On one occasion the driver of an engine thus on the loose let his fire out while searching for a hare, and he had to get wood from a fence before the coke would catch hold again. Great execution was done by the telegraph wires, and every surfaceman walked his section accompanied by a dog, to scent out birds brought down by the "air gun." Country signalmen were addicted to poaching at night during the intervals of traffic. An inspector was put on to walk the track, so as to detect these absentees. However, the men came to hear of it, and as the inspector approached a box its occupier rushed out and knocked him senseless with a crowbar. The assailant had a very good excuse. He thought the inspector was a wire-cutter, and struck him before he ascertained his identity.

Although the pay rarely exceeded 1l. 10s. a week, and averaged considerably less, while no uniform was provided—and only occasionally a house—a stationmaster was then a personage of much greater importance in the estimation of the public than he became later. It was a new thing, and the clerks and stationmasters were for the most part supplied from the middle class, and able to hold their own in a gentlemanly way, whereas with the spread of free education the rather mannerless descendants of porters, signalmen, etc., began to join the clerical staff. There was a strong military element among the inspectors. Ex-non-commissioned officers of crack regiments frequently got the job through influence of directors. These men knew very little of railway work, but they paraded the platform with padded chest, and flower in button-hole; were most exemplary in their obedience to superior officers, and most domineering to their subordinates. Of one magnificent block-head it was said that if told to shunt the next six trains down the embank-

² Parliamentary passengers were not allowed to set foot in refreshment rooms.

ment, and cut the telegraph wires, he would have done it.

Dishonesty is alleged to have been rampant among the booking-clerks, who supplemented their meagre wages by preying upon the public. The exhibition of a list of tolls and fares was already obligatory, but the authorities took no pains to see that it was placed where it could be easily read, while the printing of the fare upon the ticket did not come to pass until very much later. The *modus operandi* of a dishonest clerk was not to open the pigeonhole until the train had been signalled, and then to take advantage of the rush to overcharge or give short change to every passenger adjudged either flurried, ignorant, or simple enough to swallow the fraud.

The author gives a vivid and humorous description of seeing this kind of thing openly practised at Oxford station, whither he was sent to learn booking. After the departure of a London express, when he and his teacher balanced the train-book together, the money in the till was several pounds in excess of the amount required and his senior pocketed the surplus. Without impugning the honesty of the clerks as a class, the informant already referred to states that he remembers London men keeping broughams.

In the "sixties" the clerks did the work of division, which is now done by the Railway Clearing House, dividing a through ticket into proportions according to the mileage of each company and making out a separate abstract for each.

It was often the practice of station-masters to exercise their petty authority by refusing to issue tickets to intending passengers who had not arrived five minutes before train time,

* The earliest card tickets printed the fare; but the practice dropped out because of the continual changes made in the fares charged through the construction of new lines or the opening of shorter routes. The Act making it compulsory came in force January 1, 1860.

persons thus being detained for hours at a station unnecessarily, although they were actually on the platform, money in hand, when their train came in.

There were no compartments set aside for smokers, and travellers who infringed the by-law against smoking were liable to be hauled out of the train and consigned to the nearest lock-up. "Struggles" relates how the station-master at Didcot thus arrested a gentleman on the complaint of a fellow-passenger. When the prisoner was arraigned he proved that the offence took place in Wiltshire, where he was now charged in the county of Berks.

"Gentlemen," said he to the Bench, "I am a solicitor. I was specially engaged in a case which I shall now miss, and I shall sue the Company for detaining me. I respectfully hold that you in this county have no jurisdiction over what occurred in another county." He was released, and he did sue the Company, and got 80*l.* damages.

Owing to the risk of fire, smoking was also prohibited in the ramshackle sheds which did duty for stations, but this did not prevent the sale of cigars in the refreshment rooms, where the charge for a glass of water was a penny.

The interlocking of signals and points, which prevents a signal-man from leaving his points wrong and his signals right, had not been long invented, and was installed at but very few places. As a rule, points were worked by levers on the ground, at the spot, and were perfectly independent of the fixed signals, the levers controlling which were concentrated in a signal cabin. The dangers of this system were in increasing ratio to the traffic permutations, inasmuch as at important junctions or large stations the operation of the points was entrusted to a special body of men, the pointsmen, who passed a lonely exis-

tence in little huts scattered about the track, where they performed their duties more or less independently of each other and quite independently of the signalman. The latter, therefore, was only concerned with the despatch of the trains, which was regulated by intervals of time and not of space. No wonder that accidents due to trains being turned into wrong lines by the pointsmen were of frequent occurrence. While the author was stationed at Didcot the "Flying Dutchman" had a narrow escape. There were two down lines through the station, one the platform line, which was generally full of shunted vehicles, and the other used by non-stopping trains. One day the switchman left the points wrong, and the "Dutchman" dashed through on the platform line, which fortunately chanced to be clear.*

At places of secondary importance the risks were not quite so great, as the points were manipulated by the porters, who received their instructions from the signalman.

However, the safest places where points existed were the small wayside stations; for there the signalman had to leave his box, whatever the weather, and run to the mouth of the siding and open and close the points himself. No pathway was made in order that they might better perform this duty; but the packers, who were for the most part paid by contractors who undertook to keep the line in order at so much per mile, took a delight in making the road of the roughest possible stones and ballast, which never settled down into a flat path, but crippled the signalmen, and made them all walk like old London cab horses off the stones.

Great attention is now paid to the design of signal-boxes, in order that the efficiency of their occupants shall not be impaired by reason of any personal discomforts. They are made

roomy, light, airy and well-ventilated, and are comfortably heated in cold weather.

The old directors believed that the signal-box should not be a source of comfort to the occupier, since to make it so might detract from his vigilance. A description is given of the box at Walingford Road, as typical of the Wayside signal-boxes of the period. It was a tiny hut, with only room for one person. No door was provided, but the signalman was allowed to turn it round (for it rested on a pivot) according to the direction of the wind. There was no fireplace, for the company allowed no firing. Bob, the signalman, assured "Struggles" that the first winter he was "well nigh frozed alive;" but his mother having given him two bushes of the tea plant, he planted them in front of the doorway, and having built up a bit of a fireplace, kept going with coal which he picked up on the line, where it had shaken off the trucks, "it was not so bad now."

Engine drivers were not infrequently charged with that most heinous of railway crimes, running past signals. One day "Struggles" went down the line to speak to the signalman, who was engaged at the time in shunting some goods trucks off a down train. To his astonishment, an excursion train dashed through the station on the same line of rails as he was walking towards the box, and when he got there he found the signalman on his knees, praying. "Oh, Mr. Struggles," said Bob, "did you see that excursion train go through and will you go and look at my signals to see as they are against her?"

"Struggles" looked, and the signals were certainly at danger, showing a red light to an approaching train. By a miracle one half of the train being shunted was in the siding, and the other half was clear of the main line scarcely a yard. The stationmaster

* See special note "ad fin."

was sent for, and a full report made to headquarters. Everybody concerned was summoned to appear before the Board. The locomotive superintendent was in attendance to support his own man. So great was his interest, and so doggedly did the enginemen lie, that had it not been for the young clerk's evidence the signalman would have been dismissed the service. And, after all, it was a drawn battle, the directors arriving at no decision.

Trade Unionism on the railways is a much younger growth than in many of the great industries. There was no "all grades" agitation prior to the Scotch Railway strike of 1883, which witnessed the début of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants. Enginemen formed, however, a union of their own at a very early period, and as for long the demand for capable drivers exceeded the supply they were all-powerful, even dictating to the companies concerning the latter's choice of a locomotive superintendent. Until 1880 the only formidable strikes which took place on the railways were strikes of drivers and firemen. By withdrawing their labor from the Eastern Counties Railway in 1850, because they objected to Mr. J. V. Gooch's appointment to rule over them, the running staff brought that company to a "parlous" condition. There was no question of reinstatement, as the men instantly found places elsewhere. In 1848 the "old drivers" of the London and North-Western Railway made charges of a personal character against Mr. McConnell, who superseded Mr. Bury, and after a strike lasting two days the Chairman had to dispense with the services of the new superintendent's protégés. A great strike of enginemen on the Brighton line for shorter hours and better pay in 1867 resulted in a complete victory for the men after traffic had been almost wholly suspended for a couple of days. As a rule, however,

the locomotive superintendent and the enginemen soon grew to understand each other, and formed a kind of mutual admiration society. Their word was almost invariably taken against that of other witnesses when there was a conflict of evidence as to the cause of an accident.

Until 1880 there was no such thing as "Employers' Liability," and, if we are to believe the author, railway directors were sometimes guilty of incredible meanness towards the dependents of employés killed on duty. Here is a tale of simple heroism and its reward.

While "Struggles" was stationmaster at Thame, the line, which is still a single one, was being extended to Oxford, which necessitated the running of a special ballast train. One summer evening the station staff was waiting for this ballast train to come in, so that the ordinary train, which was in charge of a notoriously reckless and none too temperate driver, might proceed. Suddenly, the latter train, which was heavily laden with passengers, started, ignoring the signal, and without the guard. All the men ran wildly after it shouting; but their exertions were of no avail, for the driver let off an enormous quantity of steam, which deafened all sound to him.

Some then started for the town to summon doctors, while the others ran on in silence, expecting to hear at any moment the noise of the collision. Soon they heard the warning echo of the two "brake whistles" of the engines, and everyone paused and listened for the dreadful crash. The brake whistles ceased, and a shrill "common whistle" told them that one train was about to start again. "They are saved!" one and all exclaimed. The trains had pulled up at a level crossing, two miles distant. This crossing was kept by a poor feeble old man, who had once been a farmer in prosperous circumstances, but was so reduced that he

was glad to live in a miserable hut with his poor old wife, and mind the gates for ten shillings a week. But only the old lady was left to relate what had happened.

"Poor dear man," she said, "he was planting some seeds, and had taken off the signal for the ballast train to come along, when he looked up and saw Mad Sandy's train coming. I looked up, and saw the trains coming too, and we both ran. Poor dear man, he shut the gate, not that it would stop the train, but he thought they might see it. He moved the large signal backwards and forwards, and I waved the red flag. The ballast train blew the brake whistle, and then Mad Sandy began to blow, but he couldn't stop much, because there was no guard in his train to put on the brake. The trains got quite near, and we only just got in the house, when Mad Sandy's train dashed right through the gate, and a large piece of the gate knocked that hole in the wall, where the poor dear man lays dead. Oh, Mr. Struggles, they pulled up not ten yards from one another, and my dear husband said 'Thank God!' and fell back. He never spoke again, and I wish I had died with him."

It is alleged that the Company disregarded the old lady's claim, and left her to seek refuge in the workhouse. As for Mad Sandy, the guilty driver, he was merely reduced to charge of a shunting engine at Oxford; for, as we have already pointed out, drivers were scarce to come by. While at Oxford, however, he retrieved his character by the following brave act, in which the author claims to have participated.

A telegram was received that an express engine in full steam had escaped from Banbury running sheds, without driver or stoker upon it, and was on its way to Oxford. It subsequently transpired that the runaway had been put in motion by a schoolboy, during the temporary absence of the enginem.

He was so frightened at what he had unconsciously done, that he jumped off the foot-plate immediately. The Oxford inspector arranged to open all the points and let the driverless engine run through, on the chance that it would run itself down before very long. This, of course, was a most reprehensible thing to do, when the runaway could have been arrested by turning it into a siding. However, subordinates were fearful of damaging the Company's property, even if not to do so might entail an infinitely worse calamity. Then, driver Sandy came forward and volunteered to chase the runaway with his own engine, which offer was accepted. "Struggles" turned the points for him, and jumped on Sandy's engine after the "Empress," for such was the name of the runaway, had flashed through. The plan succeeded perfectly. On nearing Didcot the two engines were racing along the same line almost buffer to buffer. Sandy crawled along the front of his engine, and with a cat-like spring jumped on to the buffer beam and grasped the tender of the "Empress." Another minute he was on its footplate and had shut off steam. Sandy met with much well-deserved praise for this splendid stroke of business. The directors presented him with £5 for his bravery, and restored him to the rank of a passenger-train driver.

From Thame "Struggles" was moved to Twyford, and next was appointed to Bilston, in the heart of the "Black Country." He was a double station-master at Bilston, having two stations to manage, three-quarters of a mile apart, and running parallel to each other. They had formerly been on opposition lines, viz. the Great Western and West Midland. At Bilston he had under him a staff of six clerks, thirty-five men, and twelve horses. The salary was £90 a year, with a house, coal, and stores, which caused the appointment to be regarded as one of the

prizes of the service. The author's reminiscences of Bilston are mainly concerned with the intellectual state of the "Black Country" at that period. During the Crimean War two colliers met at the station, and the following dialogue was overheard:—

No. 1. "They've took that Sebastopol, Bill."

No. 2. "Have they? I hope they'll hang him."

No. 1. "Hauld th' noise, Bill. Tyen a mon; 'tis a place."

One afternoon, shortly before the royal train was due to pass, two young women, each stripped to her waist, and with her hair tied in a knot behind, fought like trained pugilists in the station yard. One woman was called "Staffordshire Bet" and the other "Shropshire Sal." The husbands seconded them, and interference was out of the question. The incumbent of the empty parish church lived near by, and had a door communicating with the passenger platform, and he often came to look at the trains, and chat with the stationmaster.

"I tried my hand," said he, "to make some impression on these people when I came, and one of the first things I did was to hold a Confirmation. Among the candidates was a woman quite forty years of age, and when questioned as to the number of the commandments she replied that there were only three—Easter, Whitsuntide and Bilston Wake!" It was no uncommon thing for murders and acts of fiendish cruelty to occur in the neighborhood. A man threw his donkey into a blast furnace, because he was offended with it. A man was flung into a coal pit, where he lived for a week on snails and frogs. More than once "Struggles" saw hair and blood sticking to the brickwork of the railway arch hard by, the result of some foul play. The father of the Mayor of this delectable locality was found almost savaged to death by his own bull mastiff. Despite the barbar-

ism of the inhabitants, however, the stationmaster never received an insult from collier or ironworker. He traversed the district for miles round, often on foot and late at night, and sometimes with hundreds of pounds in his pocket collected for the Company, in perfect safety. One foggy morning the up express collided with a goods train at the station. No one was seriously injured, except the guard of the goods train. One of the directors was in the express, and his face was cut by broken glass. The great man's wrath and the hubbub he created were awful. So frightened were the men at his orders and recriminations that nobody dared to succor the unfortunate guard, who meantime quietly bled to death. Ambulance classes and instruction in first aid were not yet included in the railwayman's curriculum.

Eventually "Struggles" was appointed stationmaster at Windsor, at a salary of £110 a year to start with. For obvious reasons the smartest man was picked for that station; but it was far from being a bed of roses. Cranks constantly arrived by train to seek an interview with the Queen, and the stationmaster was expected to intercept them. The Eton boys were troublesome and mischievous. They secreted themselves in the first-class carriages in the sidings for the purpose of smoking. They broke into the booking office and made hay of the tickets, not realizing that the unfortunate clerk had to pay for any missing; and on one occasion they nearly derailed the engine of the royal train by turning the turn-table and leaving it in the wrong direction.⁵

⁵ But what could the statutory watchmen have been doing? By the Great Western Railway Acts of 1835 and 1848 the Provost of Eton or the Headmaster was empowered in the event of the Company's failing to keep a sufficient number of police or other officers on the line to prevent the scholars from getting thereon, to appoint two officers or servants for that purpose, and to charge their wages to the Company. The Railway actually observed this obligation for more than forty years, and the watchmen were only then dispensed with by consent, somewhat grudgingly given, of the College authorities.

A great deal of responsibility attached to the stationmaster in connection with the comings and goings of Royalty. Those were the days before railway officers were rewarded with the minor orders of chivalry and presents of jewelry for work on the Royal Train. "Struggles" struck up a friendship with John Brown, who had much to do with the arrangements for the Queen's journeys. Together they discussed the plans for a new Royal Saloon, which had been sent to the Lord-in-Waiting for Her Majesty's inspection, who passed them on to Brown. It seems that the Queen complained of the stuffiness of her existing carriages and of the uncomfortable padding to the seats. When the new saloon was finished it was sent to Windsor, and a host of managers of departments, in their best clothes, assembled, expecting the Queen personally to inspect it. The Royal Waiting Room was opened, red cloth laid down, trucks sent away, and porters smartened up. To the disappointment and dismay of the high officials, only John Brown appeared. He stalked through the saloon, letting nothing escape his notice, and with a gruff "It'll do," walked out of the station.

John Brown was cordially detested by most railway officials who came in contact with him. The "Reminiscences" of Mr. G. P. Neele, of the London and North-Western Railway, who made 112 journeys with the royal train between the years 1861-95, relate how

The Cornhill Magazine.

the confidential factotum's "coarse phonograph transmitted Her Majesty's gentle complaints." For example:—

"The Queen says the carriage is shaking like the devil." Or, when a "hot box" caused the train to pull up:—

"The Queen wants to know what gars this damnable stink."

About the year 1874, the irrepressible "Struggles" anticipated his forced retirement by tendering his resignation. The discovery of certain irregularities on his part had sent him to "see the picture," which was slang for being interviewed by the directors, and originated in an immense oil-painting of the first Secretary of the Company, which was suspended in the board-room at Paddington. However, a person gifted with such powers of vivid observation and aplomb as he possessed was not likely to come to grief, and he subsequently embraced a commercial career in which he attained success. In after years, when he visited the general offices as an influential customer of the railway in whose service he had been, nothing delighted him more than casually to ask the officials if they had read his books—works which fell like bombshells in high places.

Apart from the leaven of malevolence in the books, they furnish a series of true and lifelike pictures of a forgotten and never familiar epoch of railway working.

H. G. Archer.

THE STAYING GUEST.

BY MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK,
Author of "The Severina," etc.
(Conclusion.)

CHAPTER XXV.

Lydia was out of humor, and let her maid know it as she dressed for the Hospital Ball. Everything seemed

to be going wrong—everything, that is, connected with Della. The marriage with Mr. Popplestone was not coming off, and Lydia had set her heart on

it. No one could have blamed either her or Mr. Butler if Della had married a man with a comfortable income and a blameless reputation. Everyone thought him a bore, but if Della could put up with him! The exclamation mark represents the tone taken about the marriage by Della's old friends. Lydia heard herself echoing it and wondering with them what dear Della saw in the man. She would have added that Della had always had her own way and known her own mind. Mr. Butler's part was to give his niece her wedding clothes, a brilliant send-off, and doubtless a handsome settlement. He was the most generous of men, and all that he had hitherto done seemed to create a claim on him instead of a debt. Lydia would never breathe a word against dear Della to anyone, and above all not to Mr. Butler, but she did think sometimes that everything had been taken for granted rather more than was quite pretty.

It would have been easy to create the impression that the marriage was not their doing and only met with their half approval—much easier than to get the sympathy of the countryside if Della left Helm Close unmarried. Lydia did not in the least want to rouse general antagonism, but she badly wanted Della out of the house. The girl's presence both chilled and irritated her, and she grudged her even the tradition of authority as well as the signs of affection still shown her by Mr. Butler when he could escape his wife's eye. But Lydia did not want Della settled at Applethwaite with the Audleys. Jem's visit had left her angry, and there had been worse to come later in the day. Della had arrived in the Applethwaite car, had come into the drawing-room, where tea was going on, and, addressing Mr. Butler only, had said that she was about to pay a visit to Applethwaite and would take old Martha with her as

maid. She had ignored Lydia entirely, and without a word or a look vouchsafed to her had put her into a fury. Mr. Butler, with his usual want of quickness, had not seen what was going on. He asked when Della proposed to pay the visit, and she said the car waited to take her back. He supposed she had packing to do, and she explained that she had 'phoned to Martha hours ago and expected to find everything ready. Her manner was unruffled. If she was hurt she did not show it; if she was troubled she did not let them see. When she had finished tea she went upstairs, found Martha locking a trunk, gave some final instructions, and returned to the drawing-room to bid her uncle and Lydia good-bye.

"But when shall we see you again, my dear?" said Mr. Butler in a worried way.

"I suppose we shall meet at the ball to-night," said Della.

"Yes—yes—but how long do you propose to stay at Applethwaite?"

"The Admiral hates visitors, doesn't he?" said Lydia.

"He doesn't hate me," said Della, and took her departure.

Lydia had been out of humor ever since. She was aggrieved because Martha had departed without permission, and she was furious when she discovered that Mr. Butler had managed to catch the old servant just as she left, pay her, and bid her good-bye. She was annoyed because Della's maid was still in the house, and annoyed when she interviewed the young woman and found that she had been paid by Della and meant to leave next morning. When a telegram came from the Vernons putting off their visit she had a violent scene with Smith because he had not brought it straight to her, but left it on the hall table for his master, and Smith firmly and respectfully gave Mr. Butler warn-

ing half an hour later. The day had been one of alarms and excursions all disagreeable, and Mr. Butler was a worried and sad looking elderly gentleman when he entered the ballroom at the Town Hall that night behind the brilliant figure of his wife. They arrived rather late, dancing was going on and the room was crowded. They made their way to one end of it, where chairs were placed on a carpet for a select number of lookers on. Lydia's quick eye saw that the Admiral and Mrs. Audley sat there with the Hainaults, the Dales, the Luxullions, and other friends. All the chairs seemed to be occupied, but that did not distress her, as she meant to dance. First, however, she thought she would speak to some of these people who represented the world she valued and by her marriage had entered. They were all people who had slowly and rather frostily overlooked the escapade of her elopement and her treatment of Jem, and had done it chiefly for Delia's sake. But to-night she saw in a moment that something was wrong. The frost had hardened and spread. Lady Hainault just acknowledged her greeting and almost turned her back on her to talk to Mrs. Audley, while Mrs. Audley's scarcely perceptible bow was unaccompanied by a smile. Others followed their lead. They did not cut Lydia, but they paid her no attention, and rather daunted by the chilliness of her reception she turned towards the dancers and found herself face to face with Algy Gilbottle. For this was a ball to which most people could come who would buy guinea tickets. Lydia had not met him since she had given him half-a-crown at a bazaar and made it plain that she did not desire his acquaintance. But to-night his effusive friendliness found her responsive.

"Have you a dance left?" he said, directly he found that to-night she

meant to know him. The next moment they were galloping down the big room together. Lydia was blazing with diamonds again to-night, and she wore a daring gown of bright emerald green. The color was daring and the *décolletage* was daring, but its success was complete. She looked like a dragon-fly amongst house flies in that room.

"You are ripping!" sighed Algy Gilbottle. "Why wouldn't you speak to me the other day at the bazaar?"

"I wasn't in the mood," said Lydia coolly.

"The mater says you were awfully rude to her when she called with the girls. She came back with her dander up, I can tell you."

"Is she here to-night?" said Lydia.

"Yes. We brought the whole house-party," said Algy grandiloquently.

"Where are they?"

"Sitting in a bunch at the other end of the room. We shall come to them in a minute."

They did, and Lydia thought they looked as Algy said, like a bunch—a market bunch of the same flower. They managed somehow to be unlike anyone else in the room. The ladies were big and splendid, the gentlemen were conspicuous and jocular. Mrs. Gilbottle wore a claret-colored satin and an ermine tippet. Her jewels to-night were rubies. Next to her sat a stout, jolly-looking woman by whom Mrs. Gilbottle's splendor was totally eclipsed.

"There's Mrs. Trumper of Timaru," whispered Algy in an impressive whisper. "She's staying with us again. Her husband is one of the richest men in the world. We only half like having those jewels in the house. We always notify the police when she's coming."

Lydia went up to Mrs. Gilbottle and accosted her graciously. Mrs. Gilbottle began by being huffy, but soon relented. As she had said, when she

called at Helm Close she was ready to let bygones be bygones. At the same time, she considered that Lydia gave herself great airs, and she did not intend to lose any chance of reminding her that Fortune's wheel had made a surprising move in her favor.

"You remember Mrs. Trumper of Timaru?" she said. "I know she stayed with us when you were at Blazey Hall, and I suppose you met at breakfast and lunch. I've just been telling her your story."

"I suppose I ought to remember you, but I don't," said Mrs. Trumper genially.

"Fine feathers make fine birds," said Mrs. Gilbottle sententiously. "When Mrs. Butler was governess to the kiddies she didn't wear chiffon and diamonds."

"There certainly are ups and downs in the world," said Lydia, taking a vacant seat near Mrs. Trumper. "Have you a satisfactory governess now, Mrs. Gilbottle?"

"She's fifty if she's a day," said the lady of Blazey Hall. "I wouldn't engage a young one again if it was ever so, and that is what I was just telling Mrs. Trumper when you came dancing along with Algy. You see Mrs. Trumper wants to take a young lady back with her, and only a few months ago you'd have jumped at it, wouldn't you?"

Lydia's motive in unbending to these people to-night was not definite or calculated. She was a little person of tempers and caprices; and the ladies at the other end of the room had made her feel sore and angry. Any kind of intercourse with the Gilbottles, even a quarrel with them, had the opposite effect. Mrs. Gilbottle certainly remembered the fiasco of her call at Helm Close, and was trying to be "nasty," but Lydia's gracious manner and condescending smile had already confused the lady.

"Yes," she said now in answer to Mrs. Gilbottle's last remark, "I should have jumped at any chance that took me from Blazey Hall. The whole experience was new—and, if I may say so, dear Mrs. Gilbottle—painful."

"I don't know where the pain came in," said Mrs. Gilbottle beginning to wriggle.

"It came in everywhere," said Lydia pensively, and then she turned to Mrs. Trumper of Timaru. "Why do you want to take a young lady back with you?" she asked. "Do you think I should have suited you?"

Mrs. Trumper's shrewd kindly eyes looked at Lydia and seemed to take her measure.

"I'm not sure," she said; "I've seen the young lady I'd take if I could, but Mrs. Gilbottle says I might as well try for the moon—although she has had bad luck."

"Is it anyone here?"

"Yes. She's here, and she's taken my fancy. You see what I'm out for is breeding, and I'm ready to pay for it. It's fine manners I want for Do and Flo. They 'aven't got 'em, and they must 'ave 'em, because they'll 'ave a million apiece when they marry and a sight more when Mr. Trumper and I peg out."

"There is Miss Middleton again dancing with Mr. Audley. She does look well to-night," said Mrs. Gilbottle.

"She always looks such a lady," said Magnolia Gilbottle, who had just come up to her mother for a moment. "If she wore a potato sack you'd see what she was."

"Ear, 'ear" said Mrs. Trumper of Timaru.

"Dear Della is leaving us," said Lydia, sighing.

"I'm not surprised at that," said Mrs. Gilbottle acidly. "It's only what everyone expected. It can't be at all pleasant for her."

"It has not been altogether pleasant

for me," said Lydia. "There are usually two sides to a question."

"That's fiddle-faddle," said Mrs. Gilbottle. "I know you, and you have only to look at Miss Middleton. . . ."

"Where's she going?" blurted out Mrs. Trumper. "I wish to goodness she'd come along with me. I'd pay her anything she asked if she'd teach Do and Flo to speak and carry themselves as she does."

"Is she the girl you mean?" said Lydia.

"She is the young lady I 'ave in my eye," said Mrs. Trumper. "But Susan Gilbottle says it's no use."

"I'm not so sure," said Lydia. "She refuses to live with us any longer, and she can't stay forever at the Audleys'. She has only gone there for a short visit. Shall I introduce her to you?"

"I like to make 'ay while the sun shines," said Mrs. Trumper.

"She'll never do it, Sally," said Mrs. Gilbottle. "You might as well try for one of the Royal family. Miss Middleton has always been one of the first young ladies in the county."

"Then she'll suit me," said Mrs. Trumper with sangfroid, and got up. You were reminded as you watched her of an elephant rising at his keeper's word of command.

"Come along," she said to Lydia. "The young lady has just gone into that little room."

"Oh! you can't hurry things like that with Miss Middleton," said Lydia; "I must speak to her first."

"Why? I don't believe in shilly-shallying."

"You much better let Mrs. Butler manage it, Sally," said Mrs. Gilbottle. "She's Miss Middleton's stepmother now!"

"No, I'm not," corrected Lydia.

"Seems she's a stepmother the young lady doesn't cotton to," said Mrs. Trumper; "I'm going to tell her what

I've got to offer and she can take it or leave it."

Della, who was sitting with Jem Audley in a small room opening out of the big one, looked up with surprise when she saw Lydia and the colossal figure of her companion approaching them. She knew that the large lady was Mrs. Trumper of Timaru, the wife of a self-made Colonial multi-millionaire, and she remembered Christabel's stories of her when she had stayed before at Blazey Hall.

"You go on with your dancing," Mrs. Trumper said to Lydia when the introduction had been performed. "I can explain myself better eye to eye."

"Oh! very well," said Lydia not over pleased, but she went back to the big room, and Jem followed her because it was time for him to find his next partner.

"I don't like your stepmother," said Mrs. Trumper sitting down beside Della. "She looks a minx and she is a minx. Susan Gilbottle 'as told me all about her. It's very 'ard on you. I suppose she's made your 'ome too 'ot to hold you."

Della looked rather puzzled, but she recognized that there was something attractive, capable, and motherly about Mrs. Trumper. She felt inclined to reply "she 'as," but refrained.

"You see I live in Orsetralia and my 'usband's made 'is pile," continued Mrs. Trumper comfortably. "We've two big 'ouses, a town one, and a country one, and we've two little girls Do and Flo, 'oo'll come in for all our money."

"What lucky girls," said Della.

"Anyone we take up is lucky," said Mrs. Trumper. "We treat people well, Tom and I do, when we like 'em. I can only tell you that Susan Gilbottle 'ud let me 'ave Mag, or Jess, to-morrow, she would. But they're not my style. Now you are. I 'aven't an aitch, I know, but I've eyes in my 'ead and I

know eggsackly what I want for Do and Flo, and if only you'd take the plunge and come . . ."

"Come!" said Della.

"With me to Orsetralia. Your step-mother says you're looking for a situation. All I ask is that you teach Do and Flo to move and speak, and behave just like you do. I don't care a button-top for knowledge and accomplishments. They're only wanted by the middle classes, not by girls 'oo'll be heiresses and beauties like Do and Flo. What salary are you asking?"

Della's head went round.

"I only left Helm Close this morning," she said. "I have not made plans of any kind. I'm staying with friends . . ."

"With the Audleys . . . I know. Susan Gilbottle 'as told me all about you and what an old fool your . . . But as I was saying you'd 'ave your own rooms with us and servants to wait on you. You'd be quite one of the family, I promise you, and come in to dinner every night. You'd probably marry well, a pretty girl like you, and I'm the last woman to 'inder such a thing."

"I'm sure you are," said Della, and looked at the lady reflectively. The offer, grotesque as it was, tempted her. It was an adventure, and would take her away from the aches and complications of her present life.

"I have an old nurse—"she began.

"Bring 'er," said Mrs. Trumper promptly. "You'll feel more at 'ome."

"I must speak to Mrs. Audley," said Della. "She is an old, intimate friend. I must think it over. When do you want an answer?"

"I should like you to say it's a deal straight off," said Mrs. Trumper, "but if you can't you can't. 'Ere comes your partner again. I'll go back to Susan Gilbottle and see you again later."

"Why has Mrs. Trumper of Timaru so much to say to you?" asked Jem,

sitting down beside Della. "Why was she introduced to you?"

"She wants me to go with her to Australia," said Della.

"What for?"

"To teach her two little girls."

"What cheek! What did you say?"

"I said I'd speak to your mother and think it over."

"You're not going," said Jem in a low, steady voice.

"I don't know," said Della, her heart jumping at the call of his glance and voice.

"Della! when you can forgive me—you're coming to me."

"Forgive you?"

"That's why I've waited; why, I should still have waited if things had gone smoothly for you. I didn't think the time was ripe just yet—but if you can let it be—Della, we did both know that morning in August—when you told me I was free—we knew though we did not speak."

"I didn't know," said Della, leaving her hands in his.

"Come and tell my mother," he said soon. "Come and be made welcome."

"But Jem!"

"What now?"

"You know I have no money—not a penny."

His eyes answered her. "Come," he said again; and with telltale faces they walked amongst their friends to the end of the room where Mrs. Audley was still sitting.

"It's all right, mother," said Jem plainly; "we've got her," and Della found her welcome in her old friend's smile and in the pleasure with which the Admiral received the news and let it run through the room.

"I must go and tell Mrs. Trumper of Timaru that I cannot go with her," said Della, and she walked with Jem towards the Blazey Hall group. As they reached it they saw that both Lydia and Mr. Butler were close to

them, but Della spoke first to Mrs. Trumper.

"I'm sorry I can't come with you," she said. "It was very kind of you to ask me."

"I'm sorry too, my dear," said Mrs. Trumper. "I suppose you've had a better offer?" and she looked at Jem.

"I'm not sure that it's a better one," said Jem.

"What has happened?" asked Lydia, who was within earshot and could see what had happened by Jem's face and by Della's.

It was Jem who answered, but he addressed himself to Mr. Butler.

"Della is going to marry me," he said soberly.

Mr. Butler's face was a study in surprise, relief, and puzzlement.

"Instead of Popplestone!" he exclaimed at last.

"Instead of Popplestone!" said Jem.

"My dear child! I'm delighted—delighted. I like it better, really better in every way. Lydia, do you hear? Della is going to marry Jem Audley."

"I always knew she would if she got the chance," said Lydia.

"But this alters everything," Mr. Butler bubbled on; "Della must come
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back to Helm Close and be married from there, Lydia, and I shall give her the ten thousand pounds I always meant to give her when she married."

"We needn't settle all that now and in public," said Lydia. "Of course Della will be married from Helm Close. It's her home. Are you coming back with us to-night, Della?"

"No, not to-night."

"Next week, then. It takes a long while to buy clothes, and you'll want my help."

Della laughed and made no promises. The weather had changed for her from storm to sunshine, but it was Jem who had brought about the change.

"We'll be married from Applethwaite," he growled as they turned away, "and you'll choose your own clothes, Della. I like yours better than hers."

"We'll see," said Della; "I don't think it matters from which house we go away together."

"As long as we are together," said Jem.

"But I wish I could have taken 'er to Orsetralia," said Mrs. Trumper of Timaru.

THE POSITION OF WOMEN IN CHINA.

Europeans usually consider that the position of women in China is greatly inferior to that assigned to their sisters in Western countries. We are apt to confuse similarity and equality, but the two are different. There is undoubtedly considerable difference in many ways between the life led by a Chinese lady and that of her European sister of the same class; but it does not follow that therefore the position of Chinese women is consequently inferior. In some respects, indeed, the Chinese lady has the advantage.

Her power over her children is greater; in the event of her husband dying she becomes the acknowledged head of the family. A Chinese son would be shocked at the idea of turning his mother out of her house and relegating her to an insignificant "dower-house," while he and his wife took possession of what had been his mother's home probably for years: an experience that falls to the usual lot of widows in Europe. Such a proceeding would in the Celestial Empire be regarded as "unfilial," and to be called "unfilial" is

there dreaded as a term of infamy. Again, the wife of an official has a right to assume all the insignia of her husband's rank; her jacket is embroidered with the same token of distinction; she wears a necklace denoting like dignity, and at the great annual holiday of the New Year the official seal is confided to her keeping.

The power of Chinese parents over their children is supreme, and has the force of the law behind it. Should a son or daughter be even guilty of using abusive language to parents or paternal grandparents, and should the parents make complaint to a magistrate that they themselves heard such language, the delinquent is liable to death by strangulation; in all probability, however, Chinese relations would be as loath to put such a law in force as would be those of other countries.

In the matter of marriage, it is true, girls are not given much choice in the selection of the future husband, but neither has the man the choice of his bride. As is often the case in Ireland, marriages are made by match-makers, not by Heaven. Mercenary motives, however, are not the only considerations that determine the selection of a bridegroom on the part of the lady's parents. His surname, it is essential, should be different from hers, even though no blood-relationship exists between them. Over four thousand six hundred surnames have been recorded in China, and all of the same name are regarded in some measure as of one family. A "Li" would acknowledge a claim made on him for assistance if an unknown "Li" from a distant province were to ask it; a "Kong" or a "Ma" would not be justified in refusing a helping hand to those of the same name of whom he might never previously have heard in the event of their applying to him.

Marriages between those of the same surname are not merely contrary to etiquette, but as the law of the land decrees that "whenever any persons who have the same surname or family name intermarry, the parties and the contractor of the marriage shall each receive sixty blows and, the marriage being null and void, the man and the woman shall be separated, and the marriage presents forfeited to the Government;" the regulation is rarely infringed.

The whole responsibility of the marriage rests with the parents and the professional match-makers. The match-makers are women, and, oddly enough, are reckoned among the nine classes of professional women of evil renown with the people; the other eight are "the three kinds of nuns (Buddhists, Taoists, and Sorceresses), mediums for ghosts, go-betweens, actresses, female doctors, and midwives."

It is true that so long as her parents-in-law live the son's wife is subordinate to them; even in England a mother-in-law is not always regarded with favor, and as Chinese women are as human in their feelings and tempers as are those of other races, even the rigidity of celestial etiquette does not invariably suffice to ensure agreeable relations between a mother-in-law and her son's wife. Habit, however, we all acknowledge is second nature; what would be impossible with us, custom has rendered possible in China, and in probably the majority of cases mother-in-law and daughter-in-law live on friendly, often on affectionate, terms. In this relationship, as in all others, it is the strongest character and will that carries the day. A sour or violent-tempered woman must prove undesirable as a mother-in-law, a selfish, sullen girl will on her side often cause her parents-in-law "to eat bitterness." The usually extreme youth of the bride in itself renders a residence

with more experienced relatives expedient; in the middle classes the wife has often been brought up by the bridegroom's mother with the view to becoming her daughter-in-law, so must be accustomed to her position in the house. In some respects Chinese women of the working classes have a better time of it than English women of a similar social status. To strike or kick a woman would be regarded as a proceeding of the utmost impropriety by any self-respecting Chinaman. The costermonger who would "jump upon his mother," in England regarded as a comical character, would excite too great horror in China for such a performance to be associated with amusement in the slightest degree. It is true that Chinese women are hedged round with etiquette in a way that would be intolerable to us; but even English people have rules and social arrangements, of which from force of habit they are hardly conscious, but the infringement of which is apt to give the insular mind a shock, that brings home the fact that certain barriers are not only expedient but necessary.

There is only one legal wife in China; she is the Kit-fat, and she alone is carried to the bridegroom's house in the red sedan chair. The necessities of ancestral worship, however, have led to the habit—usual but not universal—of the existence of one or more secondary wives or concubines, whose presence does not always increase the harmony of the household. In some cases these ladies occupy different houses; where the means of the husband do not admit of this arrangement, one mansion has to be portioned among them. The children of all these secondary wives count as those of the Kit-fat, whom they address as their mother, their actual mother, and the other secondary wives (should there be such) they call "aunt." When a son marries, he and the bride "Kow-tow"

only to the father and the "Kit-fat," and after death perform the ancestral ceremonies at their tombs, even though the Kit-fat is not actually the mother. It is as necessary for the Kit-fat to have a son to perform this ancestral reverence as it is for her husband, and when the first wife has no children, instances occur of her insisting on her husband providing himself with a secondary partner in hopes of obtaining the desired son.

The Trimetrical Classic, the universal book of instruction for the youth of China, states that the three main bonds of society are "the obligation between sovereign and subject, the love between father and child, harmony between husband and wife." Secondary wives are no doubt disturbing to the latter state of things, as is acknowledged in the Chinese proverb "One key makes no noise, but two keys create a jingling." To the Kit-fat belongs whatever of dignity and importance attaches to the family, but as she has been selected to fill the position without the husband having had much voice in the matter, should she not meet with approval, he generally consoles himself by taking a secondary wife chosen by himself. The Kit-fat may be legally divorced on seven accounts: if she has no children; if she proves immoral; disobedient to her husband's parents; over-talkative; given to thieving; if she is jealous; or afflicted with leprosy. This sounds a very comprehensive series of reasons; yet in point of fact none of them can be urged if the wife has observed mourning during three years for her husband's parents; if the family has become wealthy, having been poor when she married; or if her parents are dead, so that she cannot return to them, so it is easier and pleasanter to take a secondary wife than to get rid of a first one, and divorces are consequently more rare

than elsewhere, for should the husband try to discard his wife, and she could prove any of the above reasons against a divorce, he would not only be obliged to take her back, but would have rendered himself liable to punishment.

In Southern China a secondary wife is installed with very little ceremony. The damsel pours out a cup of tea for her admirer, who acknowledges the attention by placing on the tray a certain sum of money wrapped up in red paper; her acceptance of it ratifies the contract. As they have no legal status, secondary wives may be discarded at the husband's pleasure, but this would be rarely done without provision being made for them.

If a family has only one daughter it may be continued in the following manner. On a specified "lucky" day the bridegroom-elect repairs to the girl's house and knocks at the door, which has been carefully closed. The young lady inquires who is there. In reply the man states his name and all necessary particulars about himself, on hearing which the bride-elect asks if he is willing to come to her home and remain with her. On receiving the assurance that he will come and live in good partnership with her, the door is thrown open, the bridegroom enters, and the usual wedding festivities take place. The woman who marries in this fashion agrees to support her husband, and supply him with whatever is necessary, but undertakes no other obligations towards him. The house is hers, and she may do as she likes with it. The children take their mother's surname and belong to her family, consequently being bound to reverence the tombs of their maternal ancestors and not those of the paternal grandparents. The husband need not work or contribute towards the establishment. This form of matrimony is called "the woman marrying the man."

The Chinese are most affectionate parents, and children often designate their mother "Chia-tz'u," i.e. "the family gentle one." A child's education is supposed to be pre-natal in its influence. Before the birth of a child the expectant mother, if possible, should neither witness any disagreeable sights nor hear any unpleasant sounds. She must not use any bad language, or partake of any unwonted dishes. She ought to encourage in her mind feelings of loyalty, filial piety, benevolence, and all upright principles, with the view of imprinting these sentiments on her child. After its birth the first lessons to be impressed on the infant mind are to eat with the right hand, to speak in a subdued voice, to be deferential in manner, and unselfish in conduct. Not till the child has reached its eighth year does the school education begin.

During the first month after a child's birth the mother ought to take ginger and vinegar with everything she eats, as these ingredients are considered tonics. The ideas of tonics in China are occasionally gruesome. In parts of the empire human flesh is regarded as one of the most powerful of tonics. It is an act of extreme filial piety for a child to cut off a piece of his or her flesh to make broth of it for the benefit of a sick parent. A girl who does so is entitled to the erection of a memorial arch in her honor after death.

When an infant is a month old its head is shaved, a ceremony of domestic importance, observed with more or less display according to the means of the parents.

Little girls are brought up to look forward to marriage as their goal in life; but when the desired end is about to be attained, etiquette prescribes that the bride-elect must weep or pretend to do so for three days previous to the wedding, so as to display fitting

regret at leaving the paternal roof. A broom is the emblem of her new duties as a wife; the day after the wedding the bride takes a broom—in wealthy families symbolically, in poor ones actually—and sweeps the house.

Chinese ladies do not care for exercise, and rarely leave the house except in a closed sedan chair. They occupy themselves somewhat similarly to European ladies in other respects. They pay and receive visits, see after their households, choose jewels and toilettes, play cards, dominoes or chess, smoke water-pipes, and sometimes a whiff of opium, make the pretty little miniature gardens, of which several are usually seen in Chinese houses, occupy themselves in various kinds of work, in painting, and so on. The life is varied by the recurrence of festivals, and a wealthy woman sometimes passes several months in pilgrimages. As a general rule the ladies are Buddhists, but their Confucian husbands escort them on these expeditions, in which they are accompanied by a numerous retinue of servants. The huge Buddhist monasteries are picturesquely perched on some high mountain, surrounded by forests and crags, with streams trickling here and there over the rocks, and every now and then is seen a little shrine on some large stone, and in the shrine the figure of a smiling "Goddess of Mercy" holding an infant in her arms, or a solemn stone Buddha, before whom a few incense-sticks give out their lives in sweet perfume. When a great lady arrives at one of these sylvan retreats a suite of apartments in one of the numerous courts of guest chambers is assigned to her, and her attendants spread out the gorgeous hangings and rich silks belonging to their mistress, and deck the bare rooms, provided by the kind monks, with mirrors and brilliant scrolls, so that the simple chambers become a fitting setting for the dainty oc-

cupant, who will spend several days passed in worshipping at the various shrines, in attending services chanted by the monks, expending large sums in charity, and in providing feasts of fruit and rice, cakes and vegetables for the poor. The Chinese are large-hearted in their charities, and the women are not behind the men in this respect. An awful famine devastated the empire between 1877-79, in which two years no less than some ten or eleven millions of people are said to have died. Some time afterwards an English lady traveling in that region frequently met poor widows, who would relate how their lives had been saved by the wife of a small official who, during that fearful visitation, had daily provided them with a good meal. When the English traveler congratulated this Chinese lady on her kindness, the latter answered, "How could I enjoy my own meals if these poor neighbors were starving?" Sometimes a Chinese lady will relate to a visitor with tears of sympathy the struggles and sufferings of her friends less well off than herself in goods of this world. Many of these ladies regard it as a duty to make suits of wadded clothing to distribute in winter to the poor.

The great Eastern religions may differ in minor details of dogma, but the fundamental virtues, which it is the design of dogmas to enforce, remain the same truths, not to be shaken by any superstructure of differing creeds. Chinese women have a high standard of morals, but in their education etiquette is so rigidly laid down as in some cases, to our way of thinking, to degenerate into prudishness. It is not etiquette for a woman's garments to be hung on the same peg as those of a man; a husband, if absent, when writing to his wife, ought not to address a letter to her, but to his parents; or, in case they are no longer living, to his son or daughter.

A mien severe and eyes that freeze
Become the future bride;
No whispering beneath the trees,
Ere yet the knot be tied,

writes a Chinese poet describing the ideal bride. Such extreme primness, however, is apt to occasion a rebound to something very much the reverse, so it is not altogether surprising that the men of the nation are said to be too fond of seeking relaxation amid the gayer manners of singing girls and less rigid etiquette of damsels of the flower-boats.

Human nature, however cramped by convention or restrained by custom, is "au fond" the same all the world over. It has been written with truth:

Notwithstanding all the disadvantages under which women labor in China, they at times rise superior to them, and, pushing past all obstacles in their path, take a forward place, not only in the State, but in the humbler sphere of the family, as well as in the more difficult one of letters and literature.

It is strange to us that these retiring, apparently timid Chinese women have not only so distinguished themselves, but have frequently displayed great military prowess. As early as the sixth century we read of a patriotic widow who, after the death of her husband, equipped a force among her retainers to assist the Emperor then engaged in a war with the aborigines. She accompanied the troops into action, and so inflamed them with her valor that they carried all before them. In recognition of her services the Emperor bestowed on her the title of Duchess of Tz'lao Kwo Fu-jen, and conferred on her late husband the posthumous title of duke. To come to more modern days, in the Taiping rebellion not merely two regiments of women, but two women generals, fought fiercely in the struggle, and recently we have read

of a regiment of young Chinese ladies, armed and equipped like men, who went to the front and took an active part in the trend of affairs.

The women have great tenacity of purpose, and do not flinch from death when a sense of duty makes them resolve on committing suicide. It is regarded as meritorious in a widow to die with her husband, and the custom of widows so immolating themselves still exists. Such a ceremony took place in 1861 at Amoy with much pomp. The widow, who was only twenty-five years of age, had no children or parents, so resolved on following her husband to the spirit land. A few days before the one on which she had appointed to die, she was carried round the town in a wedding chair, not closed as at an actual wedding, but open so that all might see her as she passed. She invited the people to come to see her make her exit from this life. She was accompanied by a procession such as is seen at weddings. On the day fixed for her death, attired in richly embroidered wedding garments of red silk, with a gilt coronet such as is worn by brides, and seated in the same chair, the young woman was carried to the scaffold. There she got out of the chair, and without displaying any emotion calmly sat down and partook of refreshment prepared on a lower platform of the scaffold. When the meal was finished she addressed the surrounding crowd, and, taking some handfuls of uncooked rice from a bowl which stood on the table, she scattered it amongst the people, who eagerly scrambled to secure a few grains sanctified by her blessing. She then ascended to the upper scaffold, with her own hands passed the noose around her neck, and in a few moments all was over. A violent struggle then ensued to obtain possession of the fatal rope. It was cut into small pieces to distribute among the

widow's friends. The corpse was next placed in the chair and carried to a temple. A magnificent funeral at the public expense was accorded to the remains of the departed lady, and later on an arch was erected to celebrate her virtuous deed.

In 1873 a less spectacular, but equally determined, suicide of a young widow is recorded in the *Pekin Gazette*. On the death of her husband this young lady attempted to poison herself, but was saved from dying by the exertions of her late husband's parents, who did their best to comfort her. Touched by their kindness, the widow devoted herself to her parents-in-law till at length they sent to have their son's body removed for final interment at his birthplace, when the widow insisted on going to the funeral, after which she deliberately starved herself to death, saying "Death to me is a reunion with him, and do not then restrain me." Betrothed girls, whose affianced husbands die before the marriage takes place, not infrequently commit suicide, and are then buried with the bridegroom-elect. The complete faith in a future existence enables the Chinese to face the passage to that existence with courage.

One duty that has to be undertaken by the mistress of a Chinese household is that of finding husbands for her slave girls. It is a more onerous one than might be expected. A slave girl must have the option of marrying when she attains the age of sixteen, and, alone of all Chinese women, must be consulted as to her wishes in the matter of a husband. "I can marry my relations to whom I like," observed a lady, "but I must ask my slave girls if they are satisfied with the husbands I propose for them."

Kidnapping little girls to sell as slaves is a regular trade in China, where domestic slavery exists, though those who steal the children are liable

to severe punishment if detected. Once the children are smuggled away from the neighborhood of their homes it is difficult to bring the crime home to its perpetrators. The lot of many of the unfortunate little girls so carried off is frequently as sad as that of the victims of the "white slave" traffic of Europe. If the child fall into the hands of cruel or very poor persons her lot is usually a very hard one, but the girls taken into families of the better class are usually kindly treated and well cared for. Such children often share whatever education is considered necessary for the daughters of the house, join in their pursuits and amusements, and, when a young lady is married, one or two of the slave girls usually accompany their young mistress to her new home, and, if good-looking and pleasing, not infrequently the quondam slave is elevated to the position of a secondary wife in the establishment. Little girls are often dressed as boys to obviate the danger of their being abducted by kidnappers; whereas small boys are sometimes clothed in feminine garments with the object of preventing interference with the child's soul by malignant spirits. The Chinese believe that the soul is tripartite in its nature. If a child falls sick, often the illness is considered to be due to a portion of its soul having been enticed away by evil spirits and to having gone astray. The best hope of the child's recovery is to induce the missing portion of the soul to return to its body. There is a saying in China, "A mother's voice reaches thousands and thousands of li;" and so the mother of the little sufferer takes one of her little boy's garments, or some favorite dainty of his, and with a lantern in her hand goes to the place where it is thought the missing soul may be wandering. She waves the lantern all around, and calls to the soul "Come home! Come home!"

Sometimes another woman in the distance will respond for the errant soul, and the mother goes home content, believing that the missing soul is following her.

A favorite festival of the women of China of all classes is that of the Weaver, or Spinning Lady, and the Herdsman, also called the Star Festival. It is celebrated on the seventh night of the seventh moon. The Weaver girl was the daughter of the sun, and sat so continuously working at her loom that her father grew tired of seeing his daughter forever bending over her work, and determined to marry her to the handsome herdsman who tended his cattle on the banks of the Silver River of Heaven, i.e., the Milky Way, hoping that thenceforward his daughter might be induced to take to a brighter, less monotonous mode of life. After the marriage, however, the girl became not only more lively and merry, but actually forsook loom and spinning wheel completely, and spent her time solely in amusement. Then the Sun King grew wroth and blamed the herdsman for the levity now shown by the young lady, and the sun banished the husband to the far side of the River of Stars and decreed that henceforth the couple should meet no more save once every year on the seventh night of the seventh moon. At the sun's command myriads of magpies flew up, and made a bridge with their wings across the Silver River, and, sadly bidding his weeping wife farewell, the disconsolate herdsman crossed the bridge of wings and returned to herd his cattle beside the river that streams through Heaven. The lonely wife again returned to her loom, and the sun once more rejoiced at his daughter's industry. The year rolled on, and at last came the seventh night of the seventh moon, the magpies flew up in myriads and formed themselves into a bridge, and the heart of

the forlorn weaver rejoiced again as she crossed the Silver River and met her husband once more. Had a drop of rain fallen on that evening the River of Heaven would have overflowed and swept away the bridge, and the couple would not have seen each other for yet another year; so every year the people pray for fine weather on that festival and supplicate the Weaver to give them skill in using their needles and shuttles. Every house is brightly lighted, and watermelons, fruits, flowers, cakes, incense and candles offered in honor of the star divinities. The ladies visit their various friends, and send others pretty little souvenirs of work made by themselves.

Unlucky or unpropitious words are greatly feared in China, and it seems as though they created especial dread when uttered by women or children. Scrolls are often hung up, especially at the season of the New Year, on which is the inscription "Women and children's words without dread," which would seem to show that some occult power attaches to such utterances, of which the evil effect is counteracted by the words on the scroll. Attempts to communicate with the unseen world by means analogous to our "mediums," "planchettes," and so forth have long been resorted to in China, though a certain suspicion and discredit attaches to some of the practices appertaining to such arts, and, as has been mentioned, "sorceresses" are considered as practising one of the nine disreputable professions followed by females. Closer investigation would probably show that in the Middle Kingdom, as in Western countries, a distinction is made between the arts of black and white magic. The equivalent used for a "planchette" is a forked stick, two or three feet in length, made of mulberry, peach, or willow wood. This is held on sand, placed in a wooden plat-

ter three or four feet long, laid on a table before an altar in a temple. Inquiries are made as with the "planchette," and answered by the stick forming characters on the sand, on which rests its point, the two ends of the stick being held by the medium. A favorite method with women mediums of communicating with the unseen is by means of a small figure made of willow wood. To ensure the little image becoming endued with miraculous powers, it must have been exposed to the dews of Heaven for no less than forty-nine nights. The medium holds the figure against the pit of her stomach, and it is supposed to become endowed with powers of speech and to answer inquiries addressed to the spirits of the dead, whose souls it is believed enter the figure, by means of which they are enabled to converse with their relatives on earth. Occasionally the inspired figure may be held to the ear of one who questions it, so that the answer may be heard more plainly. Another method in which intercourse with spirits is carried on is by means of a table on which are placed two lighted candles and three incense sticks burning in a censer. The woman who acts as the medium bows her head and rests it on the table, and after a time she becomes animated with the departed spirits with whom communication is desired, and they answer whatever questions may be put to them, speaking by means of the medium. At the close of a séance the medium is often seized by a violent fit of retching and sickness, but on drinking a cup of tea soon recovers from it.

The custom of exposing or destroying infant girls is often quoted as proving the indifference to female life in China. It is true the practice is common among the very poor, who cannot afford to furnish the necessary dowry should their daughters grow up

and marry. The law that married daughters are not called upon to contribute to the support of their own parents, but must do so for their parents-in-law, is largely accountable for the custom of girl infanticide, which is seldom resorted to by those who are better off. It is usually the baby's father who decides whether or not the little girl is to be "passed under the bridge," as the process of drowning the child is euphoniously termed. A large wooden pail for carrying water, spanned by a handle, is brought. If the parent considers it not advisable to rear the girl, directly she is born she is dipped into the bucket and drawn under its handle, a process which effectually disposes of an unwelcome addition to the family. It is a custom to which apparently the people's "poverty and not their will consents;" it is not considered a crime, but is discouraged by the authorities, and proclamations are issued against it. Foundling asylums exist in most of the large cities, whither the numerous infants exposed in lanes and byways are taken, and there they are brought up to live till old enough to marry, when, if possible, husbands are provided for them. No girl is allowed to be taken for a slave, or even as a secondary wife, and when she leaves, one of the local officials must satisfy himself that she is not being taken away for any immoral purpose.

Charitable societies of many kinds are common all over the empire, and though not usually run on lines deemed essential in Europe, serve their purpose fairly well. There are numerous societies for the support of indigent widows. One such institution in Canton has 240 cottages, affording accommodation for 340 women. There are societies for supplying money towards the wedding expenses of widows' sons in poor circumstances, burial societies, and charitable institutions of many kinds.

There is nothing in the status of women in China to prevent their taking an active share in public affairs should they so desire. The very idea of "purdah" is unknown in China. The seclusion in which the ladies live is a matter of custom and dignity, no sort of moral obligation attaches to it as is the case with Mohammedans. Chinese ladies appear in law courts to give evidence in case it should be required, and can be seen sitting in the balconies reserved for them in the theatres. So little do they consider veiling desirable for women that should an Englishwoman wear a veil on her hat when visiting Chinese friends, the ladies will sometimes inquire if she wears the veil on account of having

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something the matter with her skin. The women of the working classes in China live no more in seclusion than do the men, whose work they share in the fields, streets, and boats even more continuously than do women in European countries. Up to the present, however, iron custom has restricted the domain of usefulness of the women of China; but when the day comes that the great and wonderful people of the Celestial Empire fling off ancient shackles while still adhering to the gold that underlies the accumulated dust of ages, it is to be hoped that the women of the country will be accorded their proper place among the honored pillars that support the State.

Edith Blake.

THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN MUSIC AND LIFE.

Until quite recently it was very generally held that "programme" music was the invention of nineteenth century romanticists, who, lacking the inspiration of self-contained musical ideas, were compelled to invoke the aid of other arts, and more particularly the aid of literature, in order that they might conceal the poverty of their musical invention. It was believed that programmatic compositions were necessarily antagonistic to all "absolute" music, that the new ground opened up by Liszt and Berlioz could not fertilize any plants but those of rankest growth, and that any composer seeking to give his orchestral work the definiteness attaching to set and stated ideas was not only limiting the scope of his art, but was actually making a public confession of weakness. These opinions were held in spite of the fact that during the whole of the nineteenth century many composers of genius were busy turning out precisely the kind of music which

the critics and the aestheticians so strongly condemned; indeed, the more steadfastly the creators of music pursued their own way, the more harsh and intolerant became the observations of those students who, themselves but consumers of art, had formed a rigid and narrow conception of the function of music. Composers have rarely desired to explain, and have never been skilful in explaining, their music to an unappreciative public, and even those who, like Wagner, have been at pains to make their ideas understood by means of elaborate and rather windy volumes of theoretical æstheticism have defeated their own ends simply through lack of self-knowledge. The pioneer in art, it would seem, understands everything save his own intuitions, and often enough in the past his desire to compel the public to accept him and his work has been prompted by an uneasy feeling that his music required excuse and explanation even to himself.

But it was not until Richard Strauss's phenomenal genius and fecundity had begun to force programme music into every concert hall in the world that the war between the absolutists and the programmists became something more than local and intermittent. For more than half-a-century there had been quarrelling in Berlin, dispute in Vienna, and war to the knife in Paris; but it was a guerilla warfare, and it was carried on desultorily and spasmodically; indeed, it was apt to spend itself in hot words rather than in deeds, and often enough action was interrupted and suspended through lack of ammunition. But Richard Strauss, choosing Liszt rather than Wagner as the starting-point of his work, brought the question of programme music to the front once more and kept it there by means of the amazing pertinacity which has always been one of the most distinguishing characteristics of his genius. There can be no question that though his music intrigued both the emotions and the intellect of many profound musicians in every civilized country in the world, these musicians were at first very far from understanding the true nature of Strauss's compositions. This want of understanding was, no doubt, in part due to Strauss's perplexing attitude towards his tone-poems; for reasons that I cannot pretend to have discovered, he of set purpose mystified his followers by declaring that many of his symphonic works contained no programme and that each hearer must interpret each work according to his own inclinations. It is true, the orchestral score of *Tod und Verklärung* was prefaced by Ritter's poem, which, in itself, was a sufficient declaration of the emotional and dramatic content of the music, and all his orchestral compositions of this nature bore titles which at least indicated, if they did not explain, the

ground covered by the music; but the later works—*Ein Heldenleben* and the *Domestic* symphony, for example—were, in the first instance, given to the world with no more explanation of their literary bases than that provided by their titles, and even this explanation was confused by a denial that the titles in question had any particular application. One may shrewdly suspect that Strauss's questionable conduct was in part prompted by a desire to provoke curiosity by the elementary dodge of mystification, for, like all men of conquering and devouring personality, he has always shown himself a skilled advertiser of his own work. But though on the production of *Ein Heldenleben* he had declared that the music had no specific programme, he soon began to drop into the ears of his personal friend hints as to its literary basis, and quickly enough these hints appeared in the public press and were pieced together into the grandiose story which, for some years, has been universally accepted. This same act of self-contradiction was repeated in the case of the *Domestic* symphony, and Strauss's admirers became more and more confused as to the principles governing this composer's musical activities. It seemed to them that his hesitation to commit himself to an avowal of the literary basis of each of his symphonic poems was in itself sufficient indication of a lack of faith in the artistic principles which he had adopted on more than one occasion, and those of his followers who were writers on music and aesthetics, disappointed by the absence of support from the one man whose approval was most necessary for the success of their cause, shelved the whole question of programme music and left the field open to their enemies. If the prophetic faith in his gospel, they said, there is nothing for his followers to defend.

It was only when the formalists and absolutists began to show extraordinary activity in attacking Strauss and, with him, the principles lying implicit in his music, that his followers began to realize that Strauss's doubting attitude towards his own work was artificial rather than real, and, in all likelihood, was assumed in order to provoke curiosity and excite interest. The immediate result of this awakening was a search for philosophical and æsthetical justification for the attitude not only of Richard Strauss, but also of Berlioz and Liszt.

In no European country was this search more ardent and more fruitful than it was in England, and in the space of a few years we had Mr. Ernest Newman's comprehensive and overwhelmingly logical essay (*vide Programme Music in Musical Studies*, 2nd Edition, 1910), and Professor Frederick Niecks's colossal volume cataloging and detailing the thousands of examples of programme music to be found in the works of such classical composers as Beethoven, Haydn, Bach, and Handel. Both Mr. Newman and Professor Niecks showed conclusively, and beyond any hope of refutation, that programme music, so far from being a new development, was, at all events, as old as modern music, and that its most bitter enemies had for many years been unwittingly worshipping the very kind of art which they professed to hold in abhorrence. Though Liszt conceived his music in a new form, there was nothing new in the programmatic idea which he adopted for a large amount of his pianoforte and orchestral music; from the beginning of the sixteenth century there had never been a single decade lacking in composers who wrote music with a literary basis, and the fact that works of this nature by Bach, Beethoven, Handel, and Mozart, and many others had escaped the notice of the

absolutists, can be accounted for only by the supposition that neither they nor the confessed programmists had made any thorough investigation of the principles underlying the form of art which was so fiercely condemned by the former and so highly praised by the latter. Mr. Newman's discovery, so quickly and unexpectedly supported by the large amount of evidence brought forward by Mr. Niecks, confirmed the suspicion of both French and German writers, but it was left to Mr. Newman himself not only to vindicate the essential reasonableness of programme music, but to rid the whole subject of the countless misconceptions of inaccurate thinkers and prejudiced men of academic learning.

Programme music, then, has held a firm place in the art for at least three centuries—that is to say, it is as old as modern music itself. It has been practised in one form or another by nearly every composer of genius, and even musicians who, like Sir Edward Elgar, condemn it as an inferior form of art, relegate their own work to an inferior place by this very condemnation. But though the programmatic idea can now be readily traced through century after century, it is only in the past and present generations that it has become obvious even to the indifferent observer; it has made its presence felt chiefly through the aggressiveness with which it has been presented in modern music and through the opposition which that aggressiveness has encountered.

It is a noteworthy fact that during the last hundred years the most staunch and inflexible upholders of programme music among composers themselves have been men of the widest culture and the most powerful minds, while those who have attempted to denigrate this form of art have, in many cases, been not men of

wide culture, but simply musicians. The very term, "fertilization of music by poetry," used by Wagner implies a certain amount of interdependence between the arts, and this implication has been hotly resented by those composers whose culture does not embrace the beauty and the knowledge that lie outside the immediate province of their own art. No art, it need scarcely be said, is independent of the other arts; poetry is not for the mind alone, it is not only the eye that is pleased by painting, and music is not music that penetrates no further than the ear. The emphatic assertion of the programmatists that music is inseparable from life and from the other arts was blindly contradicted simply because narrowness of vision had for hundreds of years been the prerogative not only of the theoretician, but of the more learned, and less inspired, type of composer. The scholarly musician can absorb facts, but he cannot always assimilate ideas, and the lack of breadth of culture among "great" composers has done more to retard the spread of musical appreciation than any other known cause.

The beginning of the nineteenth century witnessed the birth of a number of musicians who were later on to be in the van of European culture, and who were destined to remove, in some measure at least, the stigma of ignorance and prejudice which had for so long been associated with members of the musical profession. Mendelssohn, Liszt, Berlioz, Chopin, Schumann, and Wagner, all born between the years 1803-1813, were in each case men of enormous culture and breadth of view, and it was as a result of the activities of these men and their followers that programme music first of all became self-conscious. The infusion of culture in musical compositions is nowhere to be more quickly apprehended than in the nature and variety of the subjects

chosen by these composers for musical treatment. Literature and music became so closely allied as to be in many cases inseparable. Liszt, for example, went for inspiration to Goethe, Lamartine, Etienne Pivert de S  nancour, Byron, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Petrarch, Dante, Victor Hugo, Shakespeare, and other artists in words, paint, and stone. The appreciation of his music requires a mind already cultured and disciplined; you must take to it almost as much as you carry away; the more you give to it, the greater will be your reward. Mendelssohn was more keenly affected by the contemplation of scenery than by literature; at least, his musical genius responded more quickly and more intensely to visual images than to intellectual concepts. The *Hebrides* overture is a case in point; moreover, there are the *Trois Capricci*, for pianoforte (Opus 16), in which he represents respectively a rivulet, a creeping plant with trumpet-like flowers, and a bunch of carnations and roses. Architecture, and particularly old ruins, had the power to inflame his imagination and incite his genius to the act of creation. He, like Berlioz and Schumann, derived inspiration from Shakespeare and Goethe. But Berlioz's literary affinities were overwhelmingly strong. He was always attracted by the relation of heroic deeds, and Virgil, Scott, and Byron originated several of his finer and larger works. In his extravagant way, he thus writes of Shakespeare: "Shakespeare, falling upon me unexpectedly, struck me like a thunderbolt; his lightning, in opening the heaven of art with a sublime crash, illuminated to me the most distant profundities. . . . *King Lear* made me utter exclamations of admiration; I thought I should burst with enthusiasm. I rolled about in the grass—rolled about convulsively to satisfy my transports." Schumann

was inspired by Hoffmann (*Kreiseriana*), Ruckert, and Schiller; Wagner by Goethe, and by the deeds of men of heroic mould like Christopher Columbus.

Now nothing is more remarkable in the orchestral work of these men than the quite secondary place which is allotted to the passion of love. Hitherto—that is to say, before the dawn of the nineteenth century—music had been regarded by composers themselves as so little capable of expressing intellectual ideas, and as so supremely well fitted for the exploitation of every degree of sensuousness, that they had confined themselves almost exclusively to unreal and emotional interpretations of life. The whole musical horizon had been obscured by the fitful and feverish exhalations of minds committed to an æsthetic formula of refined sensuality. It was the glory of the Romantic Movement of the early and middle nineteenth century that it gave the passion of love its proper place in its scheme of art; and that place was not the highest. Life was not only love; it was also intellectual and spiritual aspiration. Even Chopin, the musical counterpart of de Musset and the most sensuous composer of his time, found artistic satisfaction in distilling into music the impersonal griefs of his native country and in interpreting something of the resentment and gloomy savagery of a conquered people. There were few aspects of life that were not used by the musical romantics as the bases of their works, and between the years 1825 and 1870 the art showed continuous signs of an unprecedented spiritual activity and a surprisingly broad intellectual outlook. Music abandoned its artificiality as a serpent sloughs its skin; it took human nature and human experience as the very food of art, and music became as diverse, as rich, as broad, and as subtle as life itself.

But though orchestral composers during this period freed themselves from a time-worn tradition, that tradition still survived on the operatic stage. In Italy, in Germany, and in France there was but one theme of inspiration, but one subject for dramatic treatment. An opera without love-interest was almost unthinkable. And the love portrayed was almost always of one specific kind; not infrequently, it was purely animal, and it was not often it possessed even a trace of nobility or heroism. One has only to glance at a score or so of the plots which composers of the nineteenth century greedily used as the basis of their operas, to discover to what depths of æsthetic degradation the operatic stage had sunk. Until Wagner's music-dramas had conquered Germany, it never occurred to anyone to question the reasonableness of familiar opera; criticism of this kind had never been aroused, because writers on æsthetics regarded music, and more particularly the operatic stage, merely as an adjunct to social life. To them art was not an interpretation of life; it was, in a sense, a denial of life. It concealed life's ugliness and cast a luminous veil over every manifestation of social *malaise*. As we look back upon the composers of the nineteenth century, we can see clearly enough how seductively opera would appeal to musicians of ignoble minds; it was then, as it is now, the only door in the musical world that leads to almost unlimited wealth. No musician who lived entirely for this world could resist its gleaming attraction, and even men of noble spirit, like Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Berlioz, lingered about the portals of this narrow but gem-studded door. But it is significant of the æsthetic and moral value of opera in the earlier part of the nineteenth century, that those committed to its practice have already, like shoddy

goods of merchandise, begun to depreciate in value. No quickened mind can now look upon the early Verdi with anything but indifference, and the *Faust* of Gounod is no longer to be taken seriously save by those to whom facile melody is the highest consummation of musical genius.

Music, then, during the greater part of the nineteenth century presents this peculiar phenomenon of a complete cleavage among its creative artists, due primarily to a difference in the nature of the men themselves, and secondarily to social conditions which demanded operatic work of an almost entirely vicious tendency. The Rossinis and the Donizettis and the Verdis responded to the demand, because to them their art was little else than a means for embracing fortune; they can scarcely be said to have prostituted their gifts, for their gifts were already vulgarized by the subjects about which they cared to write. But the Schumanns, the Schuberts, and Mendelssohns wrote little or nothing in operatic form, because the conditions imposed upon them were such as they could not accept. This cleavage was not confined to musical composers only: it separated also the entire musical public of Europe, the devotees of opera forming a group quite distinct from that which cultivated the more rigorous forms of musical art. Towards the middle of the century Wagner began the long and laborious process of cleansing the Augean stables—a process that is not yet entirely completed. The modern operatic stage is still occupied with the subject of love, but with the exception of men of sinister genius like Richard Strauss, and men of crude passion like Pietro Mascagni, composers recognize that sexual love is no longer sufficient excuse for writing three acts of ambitious music.

But this man, Richard Strauss—this

composer the later developments of whose genius seem to be sinister and threatening—has done more to widen the boundaries of musical art than any composer since Wagner. He is the first musician to attempt to drench a purely orchestral composition with a particular kind of philosophic thought—the first musician to go to a book of philosophy for inspiration. It is common knowledge, of course, that in the complexities of Wagner's *Ring* there is thought to lie concealed a philosophy that is at once a criticism of contemporary life and an attempt at social reconstruction; but as Wagner himself gave various contradictory interpretations of this philosophy, changing vital features of it in order to square his own mental development with his already completed work, and as no two thinkers or writers of to-day are even nearly in agreement as to the nature of the philosophic teaching discoverable in the four music-dramas, we may without hesitation ignore Wagner as a philosopher who expressed himself in terms of music. A writer who expresses his ideas so obscurely that they are intelligible to no one (and not even to himself) stands self-condemned; to most of us Wagner is simply a great musician; as a philosopher, as an aesthetician, he is no longer taken seriously. Moreover, even the muddled philosophy which Wagner himself claimed to be contained within his *Ring* is a philosophy expressed primarily in words and in stage action; the music is merely complementary to the words; it has never been contended by even the most whole-hearted follower of Wagner that it can possibly stand alone without them. It may perhaps be urged that Wagner's *Faust* overture presents a philosophy to the listener, and I have heard people argue that Gounod's opera of the same name embodies a whole abstract philosophy; but such

philosophies exist only in the brain of the listener, and not in the works themselves. Wagner's *Faust* overture is human and dramatic; as the composer himself wrote to Liszt, it represents the "solitary" *Faust* in his longing, his despair, and his blaspheming. As for Gounod's opera, it is merely an absurd melodrama with a red and inconvenient devil for a villain, a milk-and-water "miss" for heroine, and a sentimental tenor for hero. All music that has yet been written, with the single exception of Richard Strauss's *Also Sprach Zarathustra*, is either "absolute" (that is to say, self-contained and having no reference, direct or indirect, to the drama of life), or "programmatic," using "programmatic" in its wider meaning as inclusive of songs and operatic forms. But *Zarathustra* is neither programmatic nor absolute. It forms an entirely new species of composition.

Let us glance at this work for a moment. It was composed and published in the year 1896, and it falls into Strauss's second period, when he had freed himself from the classic tradition in which he had written many of his earlier works, and when he had embraced the kind of modernity that is represented by Nietzsche in philosophy, Hauptmann and Dehmel in drama, and Julius Hart and Otto Bierbaum in criticism. Of all writers who have had the most influence on Strauss's mental outlook, Nietzsche stands alone as working a kind of revolution in the composer's mind. *Zarathustra* is Nietzsche's most typical work: in it he bodies forth his philosophy of Superman. "Dead are all the gods," says Zarathustra (ch. xxii.), "and now we will that Superman live." That, briefly, is the philosophy of Strauss's tone-poem. It matters nothing that Strauss has written a letter denying this; for, as we have already seen, it has been his practice to mystify the public as to the meaning of much of his music, and

none of his statements concerning his compositions can be taken as either sincere or unprejudiced. In the year in which the work was composed, Strauss wrote: "I did not intend to write philosophical music or portray Nietzsche's great work musically. I meant to convey musically an idea of the development of the human race from its origin, through the various phases of development, religious as well as scientific, up to Nietzsche's idea of the Uebermensch." How Strauss can reconcile this explicit statement with the title of his work and with the elucidatory remarks printed in the full score of his composition, only Strauss himself can explain. Here are a few of these elucidatory headings: "Of the Backworlds Men. Of the Great Longing. Of Science. The Drunken Song." "The Drunken Song" is explained by the following excerpt from Nietzsche's *Zarathustra*: "Eternity of all things is sought by all delight. So rich is delight that it thirsteth for me, for hell, for hatred, for shame, for the cripple, for *worlð*, for this world!" If this is not philosophy, and the very essence of the philosophy of Nietzsche, one would like to know what is. But one need go no further than the composition itself in order to discover its abstract nature. It is a work whose depths cannot be plumbed without a complete and long-familiar knowledge of the book by Nietzsche which brought it into being, and the fact that its literary basis must be fully grasped before the music reveals its secrets is sufficient evidence that Strauss was indulging in his customary mystification when he wrote. "I did not intend to write philosophical music, or portray Nietzsche's great work musically." It may be remarked, in passing, that it is sixteen years since this denial was made, and that it was written at a time before programme music—much less "philosophic" music—had been placed on a secure æsthetic basis by means of

the irrefutable arguments of famous writers.

After all, this extension in the expressive powers of music, this closer intimacy between sound and thought, is a natural and, indeed, inevitable development; the wonder is that it has not been carried still further since 1898, when Strauss's *Zarathustra* was first given to the world, for the capacity of music to give a deeper and more poetical significance to abstract philosophy is undeniable. Music is essentially metaphysical. It is true that it has not the power to make particular distinctions and define differences either in the physical or metaphysical world, but it admirably fulfils the function of emphasizing and clarifying distinctions and differences that have already been established either in dramatic or poetical representations of life, or by processes of logical reasoning expressed in words. It should never be forgotten that both in programme music and in "philosophic" music it is the actual programme and the particular philosophy that are of prime importance; that is to say, the music cannot be fully understood or appreciated without a previous apprehension of the pro-

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grammatic scheme, or of the individual philosophy.

Music, then, after being fertilized by poetry, is now on the point of being fertilized by the food of poetry—abstract thought. In the future it will not be merely a commentary upon or a "criticism" of life; it will be an exposition of the soul of man. It may be urged that Beethoven's symphonies have for a hundred years executed this office; but the fact that the symphonies mean nothing in particular, but are simply vague profundities releasing the soul from the body and thrusting it forth, guideless, into the void, is sufficient to mark the distinction between Beethoven and Strauss. *Zarathustra* has a definite and precise meaning; it is a particular revelation, a bodying forth in sound of a complete philosophy. The symphonies of Beethoven have no meaning and no application save those provided by the individual listener. It has remained for the last decade of the nineteenth century to bring music into the closest possible relationship with life—a relationship that has its origin and hopes for permanence in the soul of man.

Gerald Cumberland.

THE NEW LIGHT.

"Ma gosh!" said Farquharson. He and Osmund Smith retreated several paces, shading their eyes. Behind their screening hands red and green flashes seemed to dance, so dazzling had been the first splendor of the new lamp. Slowly, blinkingly, they let the white radiance flood in again upon their vision. At first everything was an indistinguishable haze of brightness; then the shapes of things grew—every detail of the laboratory fittings, every bottle on the shelves, stood out as though in full, tropical sunlight.

"Well!" said Smith. "That's good

enough. Must be about five hundred thousand candles. We thought it would be brighter than the old compound—but *this!* Why, we could light all the streets in Glasgow for about five bob an hour. I say, it will be a big thing, old man."

"Better turn it aff," said Farquharson. He snapped a switch as he spoke. The laboratory seemed almost dark by contrast, despite the row of powerful Osrams that hung above the bench.

"Ye canna' be too careful in these days wi' a new kind o' ray," Farquharson went on. "The lamp doesna'

get all its energy from the electreecity to give a gran' licht like that. The current induces radio-activity, the way we thoct it would, an' it's that that's producing the licht rays, as a kin' o' secondary effect. It may be givin' oot ither rays as well, though; we'd best be canny wi' it at first. We dinna want to lose the half o' oor fingers the way puir Sturrock did wi' his polonium floride. These rays have a queer effect upon the brain too, at times."

He detached the lamp from its holder and gazed at the single slender filament within the fragile glass bulb. "It's a marvell," he said, "how such a crowd o' rays can get aff that wee surface a' at once."

Osmund Smith was curbing his excitement with some difficulty, and his friend's calmness rather increased it than otherwise. "Man alive!" he cried, "it'll be the biggest development in commercial lighting since the first glow-lamps were invented. We're going to be no end of swells in the electrical world. Once the Farquharson-Smith lamp is floated. . . . We must file a patent to-morrow. . . . No end of swells we shall be—"

"Ah'm thinkin' we'll need to do a good few expurriments first," said Farquharson.

"Have you got the agreement drawn up?" said Osmund Smith, a month later.

"If you will loog over the draft," Sir Samuel Brightstone replied, "I think you will find it all raicht."

Smith and Farquharson bent over the large, closely-written sheets.

"This Indenture Witnesseth . . ." read Farquharson, half to himself. "Um . . . apparatus hereinafter to be called the Farquharson-Smith Lamp. . . . apporrtionment of profits arising oot o' the aforesaid patent. . . . Provided Always. . . . No!"

"No," Smith repeated. "That won't do,

certainly." They read on for a little.

"No," said Smith again. He looked at Brightstone. "I don't say you would, of course, but you *could* have us all over the place with this: We must have it much more simple—two or three clauses would do all that's necessary. You finance the thing to the tune of fifteen thousand. That will cover the first plant, and further extensions will come out of profits. Then you take a third of the net gain on sales up to ninety thousand—that gives you thirty thousand, your capital plus a hundred per cent to go against whatever risk you're taking. If you don't think it's good enough on those terms you've no business to back the invention at all."

"Ay," said Farquharson approvingly, "that's hoo it is." But he glanced at his friend with some surprise, as at one who has developed unsuspected powers.

"But goot Heavens!" said Brightstone with emotion, "thad's not business. You wouldn't ged any man of substance to come in on those terms. You must reggolect I am financing an untried thing—"

"It's for you to judge whether it's worth it," said Osmund Smith.

"Ay," Farquharson corroborated.

"It may be goot, but you do nod think of my risk."

"Cent per cent," Smith murmured.

Brightstone shrugged his shoulders and threw out his hands with a gesture of despair. But he could not keep a gleam of appreciation from coming into his face. These were foemen worthy of his steel.

"But I must still have a royalty, however," he postulated. "Id is nod enough to haf just for a liddle time an inderest in the sales. Quide a small one—say fife per cent after my thirty thousand has come in."

"No," said Smith. "We shouldn't mind if you were putting any work or brains into the business; but it's only

the capital we want. The terms I am offering you are extremely generous. That's so, isn't it, Farquharson?"

"Ay. We'll ask ye, Sirr Samuel, to regard what Mr. Smith has suggested as final."

Brightstone rose ponderously. "I do nod think you are treating me fairly," he said. "You would nod ged anybody to come in on those derms. You had bedder think it over. You will find me quide ready to meet you if you will be more reasonable. Goot-evening."

Osmund Smith, at the window, watched Sir Samuel's broad, rounded back disappear into his motor.

"He'll write and ask for a two-and-a-half per cent perpetual royalty tomorrow, and the next day he'll accept what we offer," he said.

"Man, ye're developing a surprising heid for business," said Farquharson. "That agreement o' his needed a deal o' seeing through; it was a clever piece o' wark."

"Oh, I could see he meant to have us, that's all. He knows enough to see that he's on to a big thing, and of course he wants to scoop all he can. But he'll give in all right, and pretty quickly—it's a clear fifteen thousand profit, and he'll be afraid of some one else stepping in."

"Ye weren't so clever as this when McGraw's got all the rights in your improved automatic switch," said Farquharson. "There's something come over you, to make *you* capable of seeing through a swindle. I could a'most think there's something come over mysel', too. That agreement o' yon Jew's was a vurry subtle piece o' wark. I wonder we could either of us see through it so clearly. Ah've been feeling, mysel', that ma heid has been clearer for seeing mony things this last week or two. Mebbe it's the weather getting less oppressive. But . . ."

He relapsed into meditation, recalling one by one several incidents of the last month.

"Ay, it's queer," he said at last. "It's a'most as if I *couldna'* be taken in noo. It's hardly canny."

You must figure a dim realization growing and spreading in their minds that something unusual had happened to them. They began to play chess again—they had been too much engrossed before in work and plans—and they found that neither could think of a scheme of attack that the other did not at once foresee and guard against. They grew tired of drawing every game. And they went to see a conjurer one evening, a famous conjurer, and marvelled at the thick-headedness of the rest of the audience. It was so obvious, for instance, that the billiard ball stayed in his right hand all the time. These two things, perhaps, they noticed most; but other things were happening. Osmund Smith gave up taking a widely-advertised patent medicine that he had put implicit trust in for many years. Farquharson hastily re-organized the arrangement upon which his old mother's annuity depended. They had a happy time with the Gas Company over some peculiarities in their meter. It was as Farquharson had said: nothing could take them in now. But as yet they only dimly suspected the change, and had no thought for its cause. Meanwhile, the Farquharson-Smith Lamp was getting very near to the point of its first appearance before a dazzled public.

The *Daily Signal*, first in so many things either for good or for ill—and, really, the *Daily Signal* does not seem much to mind which—was again first in the matter of the new lamp. Mr. Sharple, the proprietor and final editor of this powerful journal, had six of the lights put upon the façade of its main offices. And there was a half-column puff in that morning's issue—Brightstone had arranged for this from pure force of habit, forgetting that he now stood to gain nothing on the sales

beyond his certain fifteen thousand.

"Bit of *all* right, that is," said a workman to his mate that evening, as they passed the *Daily Signal* offices. "This Noo Light. Corsts 'ardly anything, an' 'ere you can see the 'ole street like dylight. Wonder wot they'll think of next."

They gazed at brilliantly illuminated posters hanging behind the glass. "England's Peril—China and 'er Hairships," read the first speaker. "That's a Kid, that is," he observed.

"Not 'alf," said the other. "A Fair Kid, that's wot it is. Seem to think we're a lot of bybles." And they passed on.

But, you know, fully half of Thinking England had been very seriously disturbed in its mind by the Chinese Airship scare for more than a month, and Mr. Sharple's shares in British Airships (Ltd.) were nearly ripe for selling. If he had but known, it was hardly the judicious moment for him to introduce the New Light. Mr. Sharple possessed an acuter judgment than almost any man in England—he had been, for instance, the first great Emperor of the Press to realize that his rule would be at once more unobtrusive and more powerful if he denied himself the merely formal dignity of a title—but even his intelligence could not foresee the developments he was helping to set in motion.

The little office near Holborn Viaduct, inscribed simply "The Farquharson-Smith Lamp," was besieged with orders. The *Signal's* lead had been taken up in every direction. To begin with, every theatre was installing the new lamps along its front. It was at this time that what the *Referee* called "The Slump in Stars" began. Famous actors—actor-managers, even—seemed to have lost their power of drawing the public. Later, a few of them discarded their once

popular mannerisms, and returned to the methods that had first won them fame, and for these success dawned again; but meanwhile there had been many tragic downfalls.

The great restaurants followed the lead of the theatres. In most of them there was a drastic revision of prices at about the same time.

The mammoth shops were not to be left behind; Knightley's, Barrod's, Ramage's in turn flooded their own particular streets in a blaze of the New Light. And things changed oddly. No one could understand it. At first there was almost a panic among the shareholders; quite half the stock wouldn't sell at any price, and profits fell to zero. But later, business seemed to readjust itself, and even to be sounder than before.

The lamps began to be used for interior lighting wherever a strong illuminant was necessary. Five of them gave a midday brilliance to the Albert Hall, and the fact was noted in all Mr. Sharple's papers—"signalized," as the writer of "Charivaria" in *Punch* had expressed it (but this had been in one of his weaker moments). And then every considerable public hall had to have them. This was just before the General Election.

It was the General Election, of course, that really set people thinking. Even before the polls . . .

"It isn't only that they don't trust *us*," said the Premier to his wife, "but they don't seem to trust anybody. I could understand their shying off our last Budget—I always was afraid Jame was a bit too clever, and perhaps the Tax on Dress Clothes—even with the Waiters' Exemption Clause . . . I don't think it's really statesmanlike, you know. And of course, the tenantry is dead against it, in the order of things. But it can't be that, for the meetings are going just as badly for the other side as they are for us. There's hardly a man in either party

who can get a hearing. They just sit and laugh. I did think Alfred's high moral eloquence would have fetched 'em, but it hasn't—they laughed at him more than anybody."

"Perhaps they've found you all out," said his wife.

The Premier ignored this flippancy. "There have been one or two good meetings in small country places," he went on. "But all the speeches we were really relying on . . . Good heavens, I can't think what has come over the people! It's absolutely outside my experience of politics. There are only one or two things that they'll listen to seriously at all, and those are just the things we want to say least about, The Sweating Bill, now—we can't really bring that in next session; Cattered simply wouldn't stand it, nor would Engisberg. But it's one of the few things the people will hear a word about. All our Big points—you'd think they meant nothing at all, from the way the audiences treat them.

"I can't help feeling it was a mistake our taking up Sharple's New Imperialism for this election. The man's losing his hold, somehow; I can't see that the *Signal* is influencing a single vote in the country. Yes, it's a queer look-out, and I can't say I understand it. Still, there's one comfort—the other side seem to be coming off quite as badly as we are."

Meanwhile, in Glasgow, Farquharson and Osmund Smith were sitting and talking after their supper. They had been hard at work all day superintending the crowded surging life of the little factory, laboring in vain to keep pace with the demand for more and yet more of the new lamps. A new and far larger factory was already in the making, and in half an hour they would be due to go over it with the chief engineer. Till then they had a brief respite.

"I can't help thinking you must be right," Osmund Smith was saying.

"Of coorse Ah'm right," said Farquharson. "It's just clear cause and effect."

"But what I don't see," Smith argued, "is how any sort of rays can produce a moral effect on people."

"There's no question o' moral effects," said Farquharson. "It's purely pheesical. Look ye here, now." He leant forward, marking off his points with his pipe-stem. "There's a kind o' clog in the human brain that stops a mon seeing when he's being made a fule of. We've a' got it mair or less—there's whiles I think the English have got it far worse than the Scots. Ye know the kind o' thing that taks ye in completely, and then when ye find oot ye wonder hoo ye could ha' been such a bletherin' idiot as no' to see. Your *brain's* a' richt—it's just a sort o' cohesion in it that has been wanting. Well, it's ma belief that there's some ray from oor lamp that puts that richt—sort o' fixes up the connections. Ye know the way radium can wake up the cells o' the body. Ah'm thinkin' this ray just comes along wi' the light rays and goes through the skull, and wakes up those particular cells o' the brain. Mebbe the effect only lasts a while—mebbe it's purrmanent—we canna' be sure o' that yet. But Ah'm convinced that's what it *is*. An' I canna' think from what we've seen so far but that it's a verra guid thing we've been led to set it loose on the world."

"I see," said Smith. "It doesn't make swindlers any less keen to swindle——"

"Not a bit. Brightstone had been looking at the light aff an' on for days, an' that didna' stop his trying to have us over the profits. But we had the mental capabeelity to see through him."

"By Jove! If only it is true. . . ."

I said it was a big thing at first, but I little thought *how* big."

"Mon, it just stan's for what Science can do for us morrtals, an' what it canna' do. It canna' mak' angels of us, but it can give us the facts o' things. And ye've got the facts, ye're on the way to getting the 'truth, if ye choose."

The week of the General Election found politicians of all ranks and shades in a state of bewilderment. To borrow the terms of Farquharson's philosophizing, the electorate seemed to have realized quite a number of facts—most of them distinctly awkward facts—but to have very little choice as to the party it would select to represent the truth. It seemed oddly unmoved by the claims of either. One or two candidates were doing well—for the most part men with a bad reputation for putting their own and their constituents' views before the claims of party loyalty. But Sir Samuel Brightstone's candidature was not promising, though he had gone south to take on one of the safest seats in England.

"Heckling?" said Sir Samuel's agent. "I never knew such heckling." He was speaking to Osmund Smith, who had gone down to pay the financier the last instalment of his thirty thousand, and to dispose of his claim to a further sum.

"They asked him what his maiden name was," said the agent. "It was a Jew that asked that, too. Smart little man. Wanted to know if he was ashamed to be called Breitstein, and if so, why. Wanted to know if it was anything to do with his supporting the Sweating Bill, after the way he made his first pile. And the audiences are full of people like that. I don't know what has happened to everybody this election.

"Grant they listened to all right. He just talked straight to 'em, and they

took it all down, and gave him three cheers at the end. But Grant's no good for getting us votes. He talks as if there had never been an election in this world. Still, they did listen to him—and that's more than they'll do to anybody else, except those confounded Suffragettes. No, we're not feeling particularly rosy. But old Duffet is doing just as badly, so his man tells me—in confidence, of course. *Canvassing?*" The agent embarked on a short but lurid digression. "Good Lord, I wish you'd had some of the fun I've had canvassing this last fortnight. Why, you can't tell 'em anything but they're down your throat. It's sickening. And you feel you're losing votes all the time, instead of gaining them."

That was an agent's view of what became famous as "The Honest Men's Election." In every case the man got in who had promised least and performed most for his constituency. Except, that is, in one or two of the most deeply rural districts, where the New Light had not yet penetrated, even as a curiosity. Many of the pollings were abnormally small, but here and there a member came in with a gigantic majority. Grant's, for instance, was eighteen thousand and sixty.

It could hardly be said that either party was victorious as a whole when all the Ministers or ex-Ministers on either side were defeated. Indeed, from this time onwards party government as such practically ceased.

Then came Professor Acton-Myne's pamphlet, *Radio-Pathology in Certain Psychological Relations*. It is gratifying to be relieved of the necessity of quoting from this important, but very technical and largely unintelligible work, by the fact that its highly reasoned conclusions have been already given much more succinctly in Farquharson's observations upon the mental

effect of the New Light which have already been recorded. But the pamphlet reached a publicity which the Scotch inventor's theory had neither sought nor attained. Its more comprehensible parts were translated into the vernacular by capable journalists; it would make good, telling copy under a suitable headline: "New Lamps and New Wits," or: "Why We Are Not Taken In Now." It almost reached the zenith of publicity in the columns of the *Signal*; but here Mr. Sharple stepped in. He stepped, in point of fact, into the office just as the Acting Editor was looking at the paragraph in proof.

"What's that?" said Mr. Sharple. And "Let me look . . . What the . . .! No. Cut that out, Rivers. It's nonsense. Too fanciful. Never do for Us."

The autocrat left his office hurriedly a few minutes later. He had been thinking, long and painfully, for many weeks, but this had focussed his thoughts sharply to one point. Of course that was the solution. It was wild, but without it the facts were wilder. And now, at last, something could be Done. . . . The thing must be stopped. Already the *Signal's* circulation was dropping; it had lost all its influence upon the market; prominent advertisers were dropping off one by one—indeed, there had been a slump in advertisements all round, except for simple, necessary announcements; and look at the way the election posters had failed! And the election itself . . . and all the other incomprehensible things that had been happening. The key fitted every lock—it *was* that accursed New Light. Well, it must be stopped, that was all. Business would be at an end unless it were stopped at once. But how? Wait a minute. The power of the Press was not done for yet. A bold game of bluff . . .

But the inventors themselves could check that. They were becoming fa-

mous men—they might be able to silence the most sinister rumor. Well, they must be dealt with first.

Mr. Sharple had not climbed from a Fleet Street gutter to his present eminence without the possession of some force of character. He was a man of action. He leant forward to his chauffeur.

"Euston, quick!" he said.

The two inventors had just finished breakfast when Mr. Sharple was shown in. The great man had not eaten since the beginning of his all-night journey, but he waved aside their hospitable offers.

"Can you give me half-an-hour?" he said. "I know your time is precious, and I would not have intruded upon you if I had not serious reasons for doing it. I will come to the point as quickly as possible. When I came into the *Signal* offices yesterday evening I was shown several very disquieting reports about your invention. I did what I thought the only fair thing to you in the circumstances; I made sure that no other paper had the information, stopped its insertion, and came straight to you. I consider that you have a right to the first say in the matter."

"Thank ye," said Farquharson. "It wouldna' be Professor Acton-Myne's pamphlet ye were referring to, would it? We have seen that."

"No," said Mr. Sharple. "Between you and me, I think the good professor has found a mare's nest in that theory of his—if he ever entertained it seriously. The idea is too foolishly fantastic. No, the news I have to give you is rather more serious—in fact, I am afraid it is *very* serious. But tell me first, am I right in assuming that the filament of your new lamp contains a strongly radio-active substance?"

"Ye are," said Farquharson.

"Ah, I feared as much. So far, the professor was right. But I am afraid

the truth is something more sinister than the agreeable conclusion he came to. Has it occurred to you that there might be physical danger in setting free a powerful light, whose rays might have many strange and unknown properties?"

"We took every precaution," said Osmund Smith. "We carried out elaborate experiments to make sure that the rays were entirely safe before we put the lamp on the market."

"For how long did you experiment?" asked Mr. Sharple.

"For a month."

"That would seem quite a sufficient precaution. But I fear it was not long enough. I must tell you what I have heard. I have not got the exact details as yet, but the substance of it is this. From two or three places in England where your lamp has been in continuous use for six weeks or more, there has come news of distressing cases of insanity, certified by doctors to be directly due to the action of some rays akin to those of radium. And now there has come an authoritative statement—I am not yet at liberty to say from whom—that your lamp does, in fact, produce a ray that causes gradual disintegration of the brain tissue."

"Is it possible?" said Smith. "I——"

"Wait a meenute," said Farquharson. "Ye were saying——?"

"I cannot tell you how painful it is to me to bring you this news," Mr. Sharple went on. "I know what your feeling must be about your invention. But I have a public duty to perform—a public danger to avert. If this report is true—and I have only too grave reason to believe that it is—I am sure you will agree with me that steps must be taken at once to warn the public of the terrible danger that hangs over them. I have thought it right to consult you first, as the persons most nearly interested, and also because you

can advise me best how to stamp out the danger with the least possible delay while there is still time."

"Ye wish for ma opeenion?" said Farquharson.

"If you please."

"Weel, Ah've aye had the highest regard for yer unique journalesstic faculty, but neverr more than at this moment." Farquharson spoke calmly, but there was a light of battle in his eye, and his Scotch was more uncompromising than ever.

"Ma gosh, mon! If it hadna' been for the verra thing ye're trying to stamp oot, as ye ca' it, Ah'm convinced Ah should ha' believed ye! Ye've hit on exactly the danger that has aye been just a bit of a dread to us, for a' the precautions we've taken. We aye thocht something bad just *micht* come o't. And ye've pitched yer story to just the tune o' oor worst fears. Ah've nae doot ye've got plans in yer held for makin' evidence of what ye've said; mebbe ye've got half-a-dozen o' yer young men ready to act as lunatics, an' half-a-dozen doctors ready to certify that it's oor lamp did the mischief. An' then ye'll get up a scare in a' yer ain papers an' a' the lthers ye can touch; an' ye'll frighten the hale country aff the New Licht, for fear it'll mak' loonies o' them a'. Mon, it was a clever scheme! An' then ye'd get back yer power over the stupid people, an' yer advertisements o' dirrt, an' ye're abeellty to rig the market——"

Mr. Sharple had been held in check by the Scotsman's growing eloquence; but now he broke in.

"It's a poor return for the consideration I am showing you, Mr. Farquharson, for you to insult me in this way. I have no doubt the news I have brought you is unwelcome, and that at first sight you think it polittie to pretend to disbelieve it; but you will not help your case by making an enemy of me. Believe me, I am only

anxious to be your best friend in these very distressing circumstances."

"Ah thocht Ah had made it clear," said Farquharson drily, "that Ah do not believe ye."

"I hope your partner will be able to make you see reason." He turned to Osmund Smith. "You, sir, I am sure, must see the real gravity of the situation."

"I have been a good deal surprised," Smith answered calmly, "at the moderation Mr. Farquharson has shown under the circumstances. For myself, ever since I realized that you are lying, my fingers have been itching to begin a personal assault upon you. With a curious lack of perception, I have never fully taken in until now, when I meet you face to face, what a blot upon the face of God's earth you are."

Mr. Sharple whitened, and an ugly gleam came into his eyes.

"I am sorry," he said, "that I was foolish enough to think you would behave like gentlemen. I see that you are determined to bluff it out. Well, I have no more to say—to you. But the truth cannot be kept from the public—indeed it is my duty to warn them of their peril in every way possible, and with all speed. I have only one word of advice for you two gentlemen. I advise you not to stand in the way of the truth; it has a way of crushing those who try to bar its progress." He stalked majestically out of the room.

Osmund Smith sprang up and rushed into the hall. "Those last words are

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the first true ones you've spoken this morning," he cried to Mr. Sharple's retreating back. He followed him to the front door. "As you'll jolly well find out to your cost. You go and spread your lies and——"

He found Farquharson's hand on his shoulder. "Canny, mon, canny. Ye're only helping him to mak' a dignified exit. It's no guid yelpin' at his heels. He'll find out who's the fule soon eneuch."

They went in again: Farquharson resumed his chair, while Smith paced up and down the room.

"He'll do the Light some harm, I suppose, before they see through him?" said the latter.

"Michty little," said Farquharson. "We've only to publish a contradiction, wi' evidence o' the Licht's effect on oorsel's an' oor workpeople. The mon willna' give in wi'oot a struggle, but as he said himsel', the truth's an ill thing to knock ye're held against. It's aye that, sooner or later, but in these days it's going to be a sicht sooner."

"Mon, Osmund, Ah'm glad we've come to conclusions wi' that fellow. He stan's for the thing we're starving out o' the country—knavery. An' he's the warst kind, the knave that mair than half believes in himsel'. Ah'm convinced the main part o' them half believe the truth's bad for folk. It's verra little use preaching at them or ca'ing them names. It's no the knaves ye've got to get at, it's the fules. An' praise the Lorr'd it's the fules we've got at—by a merracle."

Colin Forbes.

ASSISTING NATURE.

BY JOHN VAUGHAN, Canon of Winchester.

The charm of a rare species of wild-flower is, in the mind of a botanist, inseparably connected with its natural habitat. The choicest specimen in a

garden or shrubbery lacks the fascination that surrounds it in its own home. All genuine "searchers after simples" will admit the interest and delight as

sociated, let us say, with a colony of the Royal Osmunda in some Devon or Cornish swamp, or a shrub of the sweet-scented *Daphne Mezereum* in a Hampshire wood. These handsome species are not infrequently met with in cottage gardens, and they are charming even in artificial surroundings, but they have lost the glamour of the "wild" plant in its native haunt. It is well worth a long journey to see that noble species, the great "hellibore, bear's-foot, or setterwort, growing all over the High Wood and Coney Croft hanger" at Selborne—on the very slopes where Gilbert White noticed it a century and a half ago; but the same plant, however "ornamental" as the garden-catalogues say, is not of equal joy when met with in "a shady walk or shrubbery." The difference may be hard clearly to define, but it is not unlike that which exists, to a lover of ornithology, between a captured bullfinch in a wire cage and a wild bird amid its native surroundings.

It is for this reason, among others, that the practice, becoming we fear not uncommon, of assisting nature in the way of introducing rare species of wildflowers into new localities calls for condemnation. The natural distribution of plants is a study of much interest and importance, and the science is seriously hampered and obscured by this confusing habit. Now and again it is reported that a scarce plant has been discovered in a new locality, and in one, it may be, where from its geographical range we should scarcely expect it to exist. The question as to its origin at once arises: Is the habitat a natural one, or is the presence of the rare species due to human agency?

It is curious that instances are not wanting in which distinguished naturalists have sometimes adopted this method of assisting nature. There is a delicate little pepperwort with

small white flowers, now called *Hutchinsia petraea* after Miss Hutchins, a zealous Irish botanist, which flourishes on limestone rocks in the West of England and in Wales. Strange to say, it has been known for many years on the churchyard walls of Eltham, in Kent. How could *Hutchinsia petraea* have found its way to such an unlikely locality? Tradition asserts that it was originally planted there by the great botanist Dillenius. The tradition is not in itself impossible. Dillenius came over to England in 1721 at the invitation of Dr. Sherard, and afterwards became the first Sherardian Professor of Botany in the University of Oxford. Now Dr. Sherard had a like-minded brother, Mr. James Sherard, who lived at Eltham, where he possessed one of the finest botanic gardens in the kingdom. Between him and Dillenius an intimacy sprang up; indeed, Dillenius is said to have divided his time between Mr. Sherard's house at Eltham and his own home. Moreover, Dillenius published an elegant and elaborate work on the rare plants growing in his friend's garden, entitled "*Hortus Elthamensis*," in which he describes and figures over four hundred species, all drawn and etched, we are told, with his own hand. It is clear, therefore, that the great botanist had a close connection with Eltham. This connection may have given rise to the tradition that he planted *Hutchinsia* on the churchyard wall; or it is not improbable that the plant originally "escaped" from Mr. Sherard's botanic garden.

In one of Gilbert White's letters we come across the following sentence: "I wish," he wrote to his niece, "that we could say that we had *ye Parnassia*; I have sowed seeds in our bogs several times, but to no purpose." It appears, however, that about the middle of the last century the grass of *Parnassus*

was reported from two localities in Woolmer Forest, though unfortunately in neither instance were the specimens preserved. It may have been that the plants were the descendants of those sprung originally from the seeds sown by Gilbert White—for the grass of Parnassus is not known to exist in Hampshire—and that the good naturalist had been more successful in his endeavor to establish "ye Parnassia" than he believed. On the other hand, it is possible that some mistake had occurred with respect either to locality or identification, such as, it seems, John Stuart Mill once made with reference to this very species. In the pages of the "Phylogist" for the year 1841 he records the grass of Parnassus as occurring "in various parts of the New Forest." The plant, however, has never been seen in that district by any other botanist and it may be taken as beyond question that Mill made a mistake.

If, however, Gilbert White's endeavor to assist nature by sowing seeds of "ye Parnassia" in Woolmer Forest was "to no purpose," the same cannot be said of Dr. Bromfield's efforts in the Isle of Wight. The sea-spurge (*Euphorbia Parallas*), a robust and handsome species with glaucous foliage, may now be seen growing in abundance, and to all appearance entirely "wild," on the sandy dunes which guard the golf links of S. Helen's Spit, near Bembridge. Large clumps or tufts of this attractive plant are scattered about here and there over the sandhills, in company with the beautiful sea-holly, the lovely sea-convolvulus, and the autumnal squill. It appears, however, that before the year 1848 the sea-spurge, which is plentiful on the opposite shore of the Solent, along the south beach of Hayling Island, was unknown in the Isle of Wight. In that year the distinguished botanist Dr. Bromfield,

the author of the "Flora Vectensis," the standard work on the wild plants of the island, made an experiment. He planted roots and scattered seeds of *Euphorbia Parallas* in the loose sand of S. Helen's Spit. His conscience, however, was not easy in the matter. For he placed on record the following statement. "To prevent its being announced as a new station for the species, or taken for an aboriginal Isle of Wight plant, I desire to state that before the year 1848 E. Parallas was an utter stranger on Vectian ground, and should it spread and become plentiful I hope, by this free confession and announcement, to stand acquitted of all intention to mislead or deceive others into the belief of its being a native. I likewise trust, for the experiment's sake, to be pardoned this attempt to naturalize so beautiful a plant on the shores of the Isle of Wight by those who, with myself, hold such assistance given to Nature a disservice done to botany and its votaries, and as a general practice highly reprehensible."

A few summers ago I was much surprised at finding on the walls of the Norman keep of Colchester Castle a number of plants of *Silene Otites*, or the Spanish catchfly. The plant, I knew, was not recorded for Essex, but there on the crumbling walls towards the summit of the keep it was plentiful. I reported my discovery to a local botanist, who wrote as follows: "*Silene Otites* grows upon the Castle walls from some seeds planted there by an entomologist in order to have a supply of food for larvæ. The plant has established itself, and will probably last if not interfered with, as the seeds were sown twenty years ago." So, too, with *Isatis tinctoria* or woad, the famous plant used by the early Britons to "dy their bodles all over the color of Moors and Ethiopians." It has become a very rare species in

England; indeed, in one locality only is it thought to be indigenous. But in 1841 Mill recorded it as growing abundantly in some chalk quarries at Guildford. The plant is still there in extraordinary profusion. As the result, however, of inquiry there seems to be no doubt that the woad was planted in the chalk-pit for experimental purposes, and that "when these were accomplished the plant was destroyed, or believed to have been so." The attempt, however, adds the investigator, "seems to have failed, and we cannot say that we regret its failure!"

In former times, in the days of the seventeenth century when John Ray and Mr. Christopher Merritt and the Rev. Adam Buddle went a-herborizing in the Duchy of Cornwall, the splendid sea-stock (*M. sinuata*) flourished in several places on the rocky coast. It may now be seen on the Mullion Cliffs between Helston and the Lizard. But this timely warning comes from Mr. Hamilton Davey: "To prevent future misunderstanding it should be stated that there are plants now growing on Mullion Cliffs from seeds recently introduced from North Devon." Of a different nature is the following interesting story, told by Mr. Davey in his "Flora of Cornwall." The great butterwort (*Pinguicula grandiflora*) is only a native of Great Britain in a few favored bogs of Kerry and Gork. But on Tremithick Moor, near Penzance, the plant now flourishes in abundance. It appears that Dr. Ralfs, a distinguished Cornish

botanist, did not, as is generally supposed, intentionally introduce this plant into Cornwall. What happened, we learn, was this. Dr. Ralfs received from Ireland some specimens of *Pinguicula grandiflora* for purposes of research, and they were kept in a dish on the window-sill of his parlor. Being about to start on a botanical expedition into Wales, and fearing the plants would be neglected in his absence, he deposited them in a secluded corner of Tremithick Moor. Illness prevented him on his return from fetching them back, and when after some months he was able to go to the moor not a trace of the plants could be found. Some years afterwards a botanist rushed into Ralfs' study and excitedly announced that he had discovered *Pinguicula grandiflora* on Tremithick Moor. Ralfs accompanied him to the spot, and, after admiring the hundreds of plants scattered about, told his companion the true facts of the case. The plant has now, we understand, completely established itself.

Other instances might easily be quoted of a like tendency. Only within the last few weeks additional illustrations have arisen with regard to *Senecio squalidus* in Hampshire, and to the rare and beautiful *Tulipa silvestris* in a locality further west. But enough has, we trust, been said to demonstrate the position that this unhappy method of assisting nature is one which, as Dillenius once said with regard to an entirely different matter, tends to "confuse all botany."

The Saturday Review.

THE SOUL OF THE WAR.

To the Editor of The Nation.

Sir,—I have just returned from sixteen savage days near the front, in the war-swept land that lies on the shores of Lake Scutari. A land, be it remem-

bered, which has now been at war since April, 1911. For last year's insurrection of the Malsori was the forerunner of all that is now happening. Poor folk! They hoped to have fin-

ished last year—that either war or European intervention would have ensued, but Europe made one final effort to maintain the reign of horror known as “the *status quo*.” And now, for the second year, the Maltsori are on the battlefield.

Last year almost every Christian house was burned and the land devastated by the Turkish army. Now—before it has had time to recover—the Montenegrin army has poured over it, and almost every Moslem house is burnt. Four years ago, before the Young Turks began to take active measures to crush Albania, this was a wondrously fair land—fertile, rich in gardens, maize, and tobacco. Now it is a wilderness, strewn with blackened ruins and heaps of ashes, and ploughed up by the wheels of artillery.

Hour after hour I stood on rocky hills listening to the hum of shells, watching the white puffs of smoke that marked where they fell, hearing the death-rattle of the machine guns. War was before me—around me. Its huge, hideous, shapeless body lay on all the land—monstrous and incredible—heaving itself, slowly, ever forward.

And the question that seemed most insistent was: “What is the power that drives it onward? What is the soul of this body?” For even the most deformed possesses a soul.

What can move a people to face—for the second year, not merely with courage but enthusiasm—hunger, cold, wet, fatigue, and perhaps wounds and death? I was with no paid army sent by a government—I was with the men of the Gruda tribe, one of those that revolted last year.

Lean, haggard men, exhausted by nearly two years’ struggle, they had left their houses—only partially repaired since last year’s burning—again to face the enemy. Death and hardship have sadly thinned the tribe; they frankly said they were sick of war.

What gleam were they following? It was not the tobacco, which they freely looted; it was not merely the thirst for vengeance, though that was strong. It was a belief, firm and fixed, in the righteousness of their cause, the belief that they were fighting for freedom, that after nearly 500 years the power of the Turk was broken, the curse removed.

Of this they were quite convinced. “The Powers,” they said, “can never again make us live under the Turk. They can kill us. But make us accept the Turk—never!” Before them they saw the dawn of a new era—a promised land—and they pressed forward, guided by the star of freedom. No sacrifice was too great. Of their dead they said: “Let him die; it is for freedom and the Cross.” It was moving and pathetic—for which of us ever finds the promised land? But in all the squalor and horror, it was the one redeeming spot.

We lived together, crowded like wild beasts upon straw, in half-burnt houses. Daily they went out to slaughter, returning with blood upon their feet, to hack with a sword bayonet the sheep, roasted whole, which formed almost our sole diet. Rations of bread ran very short. It was a hideous life of blood and muck. And at night they howled barbaric chants of the fights last year against Tourgoud Pasha.

One Moslem was of the party, on quite equal terms with all the others. For he too was a foe of the Turk. For the Moslem who sides with the Turk, they have no pity.

The evicting of the foreign invader and all his friends is their object—“let them all go to Asia!”

It is the uprising of the West against the East—the European against the spirit of Asia. It is also “earth hunger,” the desire of a people to possess the land of its forebears. Slowly and

for years these feelings have been strengthening. The Powers have vainly tried to crush them. Repression has only made the final explosion more violent. For the bloodshed and misery, the so-called civilized Powers of Europe are wholly responsible. They failed to keep the promises given over thirty years ago. Their conjoint action presents no redeeming feature.

For the one gleam in the present night, we must turn to the wild tribes—
The Nation.

man who gives all he has for freedom. The misery which must inevitably follow this two years of devastation will be most dire. It will be no promised land that the tribesman will find when peace is made. Let no friend of freedom forget that the first to show Europe that the Turk was not invincible was the North Albanian tribesman. When his hour of need comes—as come it must—may he not be without help! Yours, &c.,

M. Edith Durham.

THE CHEQUE.

"Francesca," I said, "is it not strange that women——"

"If this is going to be a long lecture," said Francesca, "I must put on my hat and find my purse."

"Full dress," I said, "is unnecessary. This is going to be a *causerie*, a little heart-to-heart talk between two people who thoroughly understand one another and the question under discussion."

"That," said Francesca, "is a great relief, because, you know, if I understand all about it you needn't say another word, and I can attend to my business."

"Francesca," I exclaimed, "you have spoken the word. 'Business.' That was what I was about to mention."

"Well, you *have* mentioned it. It's off your chest now."

"My *dear* Francesca," I protested, "why this tone of unseasonable levity? Let us at least preserve some refinement in our—er——"

"Mentionings," she suggested. "Yes, let our mentionings be modest, so that no one may be able to cast any of our mentionings in our teeth."

"Francesca," I said, "you are now harping."

"It is an old-world accomplishment," said Francesca.

"No," I declared, "it is a great fault. Moreover, I am not a man who can be put down by a *jeu de mots*."

"I know, I know," said Francesca with a deep sigh. "You are one of those strong, resolute and silent—no, I beg your pardon—not silent, but strong, resolute and ruthless men who deal with women as a potter deals with clay. How does it feel, I wonder, to be like that?"

"It is nothing," I said, "a mere nothing. We are born so and cannot help ourselves."

"Some people," said Francesca, "may be Rooshans, and some may be Prooshans. They are born so, and will please themselves."

"If," I said, "you are going to quote *Mrs. Gamp* at me, I have done with you. *Mrs. Gamp*——"

"I will not press *Mrs. Gamp*," said Francesca. "Let us, or rather let you, resume where you started. You were going to say?"

"When you interrupted me—but I make no complaint—I was about to say how strange it was that women, so admirable as mothers and directors of households, had so small an understanding of business matters. Now, you yourself, for instance——"

"I myself, for instance, know noth-

ing at all of business matters; but, oh, I should love to learn."

"Francesca," I said enthusiastically, "you shall. What is money?"

"Money," said Francesca, "is what you never get enough of when you want a little more."

"No," I said, "money is a medium of exchange. But money is not everything."

"Certainly not," said Francesca. "Kind hearts are more than golden pounds."

"We will leave out kind hearts for the present. I want you to imagine the great business world subsisting entirely on— Dear me, what is the word I want?"

"Mines or railways?"

"Not at all. Credit—subsisting entirely on credit."

"Then it's a queer thing," said Francesca, "that the Stores never will give you any of it. They subsist on ready-money."

"Never mind the Stores. Now, for example, when I write, or, to speak more accurately, when I draw a cheque—"

"And that," said Francesca, "is what I'm simply longing to see you do."

"But you have drawn cheques yourself. You have an account at the local branch of the South-Midland Bank."

"I have, but I'm not a skilled cheque-drawer. Women are not taught the meaning of all the funny little things men write on cheques. But if I could see you do it, and if you would explain everything as you go along—"

"Francesca," I said, "you shall have your wish. Hand me my cheque-book. For your sake I will waste a cheque."

"It will not be wasted," said Francesca.

"Here, then," I said, "is a blank cheque. I write the date in the upper right-hand corner—so, 'Oct. 3rd, 1912.' Now whom shall we make it payable to?"

"Oh, anybody," said Francesca carelessly. "Me, or anybody else."

"It shall be payable to you." I wrote "Francesca Carlyon" in the space provided for that purpose, struck out "Bearer" and wrote "Order" above it. "You would have to write your name on the back of it before you could cash it. That's called endorsing it."

"Thanks," she said. "I'll remember that word carefully."

"Now for the amount. What shall we say?"

"Twenty-five pounds," said Francesca tentatively.

"So be it. Twenty-five pounds in letters first, and then, in the space below, £25 in figures. Observe that I write close to the left-hand margin."

"You enthral me," said Francesca.

"Now comes the important part. I sign it—so—and the cheque is complete."

"But you haven't made two lines across it. That's always done on the best cheques, isn't it?"

"It is not essential; but, if you like, it shall be crossed to your own bank, and then nobody except your own bank would be able to present it to mine."

"To think that two little ink-lines should mean all that," said Francesca. "But you've left out 'account payee' and 'not negotiable.' Don't they put that on some cheques?"

"Yes," I said, and added these adornments. "I will now tell you as clearly as I can what the mystic words 'account payee' and 'not negotiable' mean."

"Wait a minute," said Francesca. "Let me look at the cheque first."

I handed it to her.

"It is beautifully done," she said. "Some day, I suppose, I shall be able to do it as brilliantly."

"Where are you going?" I said, for she had opened the door.

"I am going," said Francesca, "to endorse this dear, clever, unconscious Punch.

cheque and then hand it in at my Bank to account payee."

R. C. Lehman.

THE MURDER OF SENOR CANALEJAS.

Once again the murderous hand of an Anarchist fanatic has robbed Spain of one of her most trusty statesmen, Señor Canalejas, the Spanish Premier, was walking unattended through the streets of Madrid to attend a Cabinet meeting at the Ministry of the Interior, when, stopping to look in at a bookshop window, he was shot dead from behind by a well-dressed young assassin, who had been dogging his footsteps. The murderer, who was afterwards identified by the police as a member of a band of militant Anarchists, afterwards turned his revolver upon himself, with fatal results. The body of the dead Premier was carried into the hall of the Ministry of the Interior, where the lying in state took place. All classes of the community were quick to show their reverence for the dead statesman and their resentment for the dastardly outrage. Among the first to offer a tribute of respect to the dead was King Alfonso, who knelt beside the body in prayer, and showed the deepest grief for the loss of his foremost adviser. The murder has roused the resentment of the whole of Europe against that odious class of fanatics whom a perverted intellect and a morbid frenzy prompt to wreak so-called vengeance upon any who may occupy a prominent place in the world's affairs. There is not even a semblance of discrimination or logic in their cowardly crimes. If it was only flagrant misrulers, cruel tyrants, or murderers who were marked down as victims, one could perhaps understand, though not approve, the motive. But in this case, as so often, the victim was far from answering to any of these descriptions.

In Señor Canalejas Spain has lost one of her most popular public men, a strong reformer, a lawyer of liberal views, of culture, of tact, of great administrative ability.

Educated in his early years for a legal career, Canalejas at the age of 27 entered the Cortes in 1881. Here his keen intellect and exceptional debating ability quickly made it clear that he had a distinguished career before him. In 1888 he became Vice-President of the Chamber, and subsequently held the posts of Minister of Finance and Minister of Justice in successive Liberal Administrations. In 1906, under the Premiership of Señor Moret, he was President of the Chamber. In February, 1910, when the insurrection at Barcelona, following on the execution of Ferrer, drove Señor Maura and his Conservative Government from power, Canalejas got his chance, and readily sacrificed a large and lucrative practice at the bar to the opportunity of public service. Señor Moret, thanks to his entanglements with the Republicans, had lost his hold upon the Liberal party, and Canalejas, as a forward Liberal, free from any dealings with the Republicans, was the obvious man for the Premiership. He accepted office, and formed a Government, though in the disturbed state of public affairs his chances of maintaining his position for any length of time appeared to be slight. However, he succeeded beyond all expectations, and was still in power when struck down. This success was achieved in the face of a formidable series of crises and obstacles, and may be ascribed to his strong will and to his tact in holding

the balance of power between conflicting elements in the State. The chief of the problems confronting him was that of the position of the Church and education in Spain. In this vital matter Canalejas showed himself a firm anti-Cleric. In May, 1910, a Royal decree was issued, granting to Protestants the right to display emblems and names outside their places of worship. This action, which, naturally, led to a serious breach with the Vatican, was followed by a law forbidding any new religious order to be established until a new law had been passed. While avowing obedience to the Pope, the Premier was emphatic in his determination to suppress unauthorized religious orders. In the early months of 1911 a serious political crisis arose through a revival of the Ferrer controversy. Here Señor Canalejas took a strong line, and stated emphatically that, although he was not in office at the time of Ferrer's execution, he considered that Ferrer was a dangerous revolutionary, and was justly condemned. But, he added, he might, from considerations of expediency, have favored a reprieve. The latter qualification offended the army, but the speech won the support of the Cortes. In more recent times Spain has been in the throes of industrial unrest, a series of disturbances culminating in the great railway strike. In all these troubles, more especially in the railway stoppage, the firm hand and steady common-sense of the Premier proved to be the most potent factor working towards a satisfactory settlement and the restoration of law and order.

The Economist.

In an interview with the Editor of this paper, Señor Canalejas expressed his interest in Mr. Lloyd George's Budget, and asked many questions about it. Indeed, he has been (very inaccurately) described as the "Spanish Lloyd George." Doubtless some similarity can be traced between the ideals and careers of the two men. Each was a "son of the people," each was trained for the legal profession, each was imbued with an adventurous spirit. Moreover, Canalejas, like Mr. Lloyd George, developed a financial policy intended to shift taxation on to richer shoulders, and was keenly interested in land reform. He stated in the interview referred to that the Spanish Customs could be greatly reduced if the methods of collection were improved. He took important steps towards the abolition of octrois in provincial towns. Last year he reduced the sugar tax, and proposed new taxes, in the form of property duties and death duties, calculated to yield £3,000,000, assigning the surplus revenue to education and civil services. The mere fact that he retained office for a longer period than any recent Spanish Government is a praiseworthy achievement, for the country was badly in need of a settled policy. Moreover, the steps that made this achievement possible did not entail any pandering to party prejudices or lapses from declared policy. Spain is entitled to the sympathy of Europe for the tragic loss of an able, broad-minded, and strong statesman, who stood bravely out as a reformer between reaction and anarchy.

AIRS AND GRACES.

Airs and graces are rather resented just now. We are all very much afraid lest our neighbors should think too much of themselves. Miss Austen, on the other hand, rather admired an "air." Emma, our readers may remember, was shocked to find that her little *protégée* had allowed herself to think of marriage with a man "completely without air." The fact that he was sensible and simple did not appeal to Emma in the least. It was not that he wanted in assurance, but that he failed to bring with him the sweet atmosphere of a more or less artificial world.

Is there not, perhaps, a certain selfishness in the modern exaltation of unselfconsciousness? To the ungrudging admirer there is something charming about the airs of a girl who has discovered that she is very pretty and who is enjoying—consciously enjoying—the triumph of her own beauty. There may be one charm more in her to whom it is still a secret, but the onlooker must remember that she is missing a happiness which can at best be of but short duration. Every old woman who, looking back, cannot remember what it felt like to be pretty, realizes that she has not had all that life can give. Very much the same thing is true of boys as of girls, though vanity sits less becomingly on male shoulders. Still, easy though it is for a vain boy to be ridiculous, a man must be sadly given to grudging who cannot share in the pleasure of a very young man who is pleased with himself. The remembrance of the sensation of perfect health and wellbeing, to which a knowledge of good looks has added a crowning delight, is a possession for life. It is possible for a boy or girl to have all these gifts and not know his or her good fortune. It is not possible for either of them to know and

not show the knowledge. At least it would argue a sophistication which in itself would destroy more charm than vanity.

There, are, of course, fashions in these sort of "airs." The young people of Shakespeare's time did not give themselves quite the same airs as young people do now. We know a great deal about Shakespeare's heroines. We know what they said and what they thought; what a pleasure if we could see their "airs"; but alas! these little mannerisms are evanescent and cannot be perpetuated upon paper. If we could but see the airs and graces which Shakespeare had in his memory when he made his heroines make love, how deeply in love we should fall! Shakespeare did not over-rate unselfconsciousness, but he gave his creations such wonderfully charming selves to be conscious of. Shakespeare, however, knew as well as we that there are plenty of airs and graces which have nothing to do with youth and happiness. There are social airs which are little connected with anything so simple as vanity. There are people who, now as in Shakespeare's time, take immense pleasure in making upon others an impression of social importance, and who are always saying in effect, "Receives not thy nose court-odour from me?" Many people value social success solely as a thing to boast of. The same value is set by many of us upon many forms of experience. Travel, for instance, pleases many of those who undertake it only in conversational retrospect. The "court odours" received are as a rule rather cloying, but many persons are willing to put up with them because they would like to know the atmosphere of a court, and they do learn something about it from the airs and graces of those who have breathed it at inter-

vals. The "graces" displayed to them are for the most part imitations, and give the amount of instruction usually supplied by caricatures. Almost all airs and graces have the effect of making those who do not know how to assume them uncomfortable, but there are always some people in every society whose sense of social curiosity will lead them to put up with considerable discomfort.

The airs affected by those persons who believe themselves above the average in what is called cultivation are more resented, we think, than even social airs. Self-consciousness in this direction is seldom forgiven. Such airs, are, no doubt, a bore to witness, but they, like the airs of the young, are often nothing but an expression of happiness—a consciousness of a citizenship not shared by all. It is sometimes said that consciousness of high birth gives the same sense of initiation and differentiation, and that it also produces airs—airs of arrogant happiness. Whether this be true or not, it is certain that the airs of the consciously great are lighter than those of the ostentatiously cultivated. Those who give themselves these latter airs, while they delight themselves, are often accounted kill-joys. "With these forced thoughts, I pr'ythee darken not the mirth of the feast," are Shakespeare's words, and they express very well the attitude of the ordinary man towards one who gives himself airs on the score of his cultivation. Very often the man thus condemned is a very simple though not often a very sociable person. People who live in a world of abstract thought have often an intense fastidious dislike to close mental contact with their more practical fellows. They feel as men feel who hate to be in a crowd. They long to clear themselves a space, and they are specially tempted if the persons pushing upon them belong to a class with which they

are not in sympathy. After all, a man who knows more than those amongst whom he lives has a possession of which it is only human to be proud. Rich people give themselves airs with far less excuse. Their airs are the airs of power, and airs of power are not always accompanied by any graces at all. They are the airs of those who can afford to smile at other people's airs. But power always does and always will command admiration, even from those who have nothing to gain from the powerful person. Hardly anyone has power without self-consciousness, and the temptation to "airs" when something so real exists behind all the veils of convention must be strong indeed.

Religious airs and graces are nowadays rare, but they were no doubt common once, and the altered voice assumed by some clerics in church and by some persons when quoting Scripture is of the nature of a survival. There is no doubt that some rather hard-hearted people, who mistakenly imagine that their habitual cheerfulness is due to their creed and not to their temperament, still remain to show to their struggling and sorrowing neighbors what is meant by religious airs. They patronize the sad in a manner scarcely to be borne. Very nearly as disagreeable are the airs which accompany an immense stock of conclusions. The airs of the dogmatist stifle the intellectual capacity of all those with whom he comes in contact. That is why he triumphantly believes himself abler than his fellows.

Shyness is very often mistaken for "airs." There is a formality of manner and address which appears in a free-and-easy society to be an assumption of superiority. It is often nothing of the kind. There are many originally shy people who cannot appear upon the social stage and begin to improvise. They must have some notion of what

they are going to say before they can trust themselves to open their mouth. Formality is a support to them without which they would be obliged to remain in seclusion. Consciousness of bad manners or of an original want of education often leads men to suspect "airs" in others. It is a very petty form of suspicion, or perhaps we

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should say a very puerile form. Only schoolboys have a right to hate a man for an affectation. A dislike to airs in other people is not always a sign of simplicity. Envy has often a part in it. The fear of airs shows far more self-consciousness and, as a rule, far more vanity than the practice of them.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

"Village Life in America" is not a contribution to the rural problem, as its title might indicate, but the diary of a school-girl in Canandaigua, New York, between 1852 and 1872. To anyone who remembers village life of that time, or city life for that matter, for even New York was not then so very different socially from the ordinary small town, the naive reflections of Caroline Cowles Richards will be diverting and a pleasant spur to reminiscence. The diary is doubtless genuine and changed little if any from its original form. If read as one would read an old manuscript found by chance in the attic, the diary has great charm, even to one who knows even by name few of the people mentioned in the pages. The author's little sister, Anna, is as delightful a child as ever wore pantalettes, and the grandfather and grandmother are sweetly drawn. Henry Holt & Co.

"A Wall of Men" by Margaret Hill McCarter is a story of pioneer life in Kansas in the years immediately preceding the Civil War. By means of a group of families, closely associated and yet differing widely in their views on the slavery question, the author vividly portrays the problem of those days. In fact the war itself is viewed chiefly in its effect upon the family life, and the part it played in the char-

acter development of individuals. A touching love story runs through the book, where a young girl, Beth Lamond is forced to choose between two lovers, old playmates, one a Southern sympathizer and the other an Abolitionist. A strain of idealism and hero worship is apparent everywhere; John Brown himself is an interesting figure that appears, and the splendid material of which the Kansas pioneers were made is the author's inspiration. A. C. McClurg & Company.

Mr. William Irwin uses a reformed spiritualist medium as occupant of the most prominent place in his shrewdly-schemed little novel, "The Red Button," and makes a mysterious murder the turning point of its interest, but, nevertheless, it is neither sectarian nor sanguinary. The medium quits herself like a woman, the murder is shown to be almost anything but a murder, and everybody of any consequence is left in the possession of health, with wealth in prospect. The author's humor tides him lightly over more than one situation which might be perilous if treated with gravity, and the successive patterns exhibited in his kaleidoscope are ingenious in arrangement and pleasing in color. Mr. Irwin has taken a long step forward since he wrote "The City that Was." The Bobbs Merrill Company.

No better book for boys has been published this season than "The Boy with the U. S. Fisheries" by Francis Rolt-Wheeler (Lothrop Lee & Shepard Co.) A happier combination of exciting adventure with solid information it would be difficult to imagine. The boy hero of this book is marooned by a whale, witnesses a fight of old bull seals, is one of a party attacked by Japanese poachers, assists in the capture of an ourfish,—which is first cousin to the sea-serpent—and passes through a number of other exciting experiences,—all while in the service of the United States fisheries. The adventures speak for themselves, and are of a sort to appeal to boy readers. As for the information which is unobtrusively worked into the story, it may be relied upon with absolute assurance, for it is the author's custom in the series of books relating to the United States departments, of which this is the latest, to submit all his statements to department officials for verification. There are fifty-one illustrations,—most of them from the United States Bureau of Fisheries.

Whoever first bestowed the name of "Friar Tuck" upon the Rev. John Carmichael of Wyoming, was far less than just to the brave, sagacious, Christian minister whose "Chronicles," as recorded by Mr. Robert Alexander Wason, writing under the style of Happy Hawkins, are a unique mixture of horse-breaking, outwitting thieves, disentangling the threads of two lives, and always involuntarily letting his light shine before men, with the divinely promised results. Which he will most surprise and please, readers in search of adventure, of edification, or of literary ingenuity, it would be impossible to prophesy, but the three classes should give Mr. Wason a much larger number of readers than greeted "Happy Hawkins," which everybody remembers with smiles. Many of its

characters reappear in "Friar Tuck," together with a heroine who, if somewhat shadowy, is at least clearly revealed as she seemed to men and women of many types; more than one dauntless rider and fighter, with a history hidden in the past, and among them a nervous invalid eventually shown to be the cleverest of them all. The easily read dialect is that of "Happy" himself and he is unchanged except by being richer in experience and consequently a more absorbing story-teller than at his first appearance. Five good pictures by Mr. Stanley L. Wood illustrate the volume, which is handsomely bound. Small Maynard & Co.

Miss Helen S. Woodruff's "Mis' Beauty" is a study of life in a Virginian household in which black servants and white employers dwell together in harmony, sharing sorrows and pleasures, and remaining faithful to one another through all vicissitudes, and it is written with that equal pleasure in the foibles and virtues of the negro so often manifested by Southerners. Miss Woodruff's desire to write was awakened, it is said, by the success of her neighbor Miss Mary Johnston in "To Have and to Hold," but she sensibly refrained from imitation, and drew upon her personal knowledge for her material, reproducing an actual sermon delivered by a colored preacher, and writing the quaint remarks made by three colored women of her acquaintance in the discourse of the faithful "Mammy." The children in the story merit especial mention for they are entirely original, from Mis' Cleveland Lee to the smallest picaninny. The story is not great, but it is very pleasant. George H. Doran Co.

The nebular theory in its latest phase is presented by J. W. Gregory in his contribution to The Home University

Library "The Making of the Earth" (Henry Holt & Company). Not from the consolidation of gases burning in immensity immeasurable did the world arise; but from the rushing together of innumerable meteorites, jounced about until they became white-hot. Having offered this hypothesis, with a mass of interesting illustration, the author goes on to prove it to his own satisfaction and the delight of the reader. He certainly makes a most plausible plea and an absorbing book. The lucidity of the author's style adds to the charm of his presentation.

For the Home University Library Prof. G. E. Moore has written a most frank and modern book of "Ethics" (Henry Holt & Company). The author starts out with two clever chapters, in which he dissects Utilitarianism, a theory which he does not accept wholly, but believes a good working hypothesis, drawing from it thus much of dogma, "any whole which contains an excess of pleasure over pain is *intrinsically* good; and similarly any whole which contains an excess of pain over pleasure is *intrinsically* bad." With this doctrine as a basis he sifts the right from the wrong, struggling to show that there are certain principles which can be laid down as definitely dividing the two. Not all readers will follow the author into his bitterly logical conclusion; but all must be interested.

Three books, sufficiently stirring and full of adventure to satisfy the most exacting boy readers, come simultaneously from the press of Little, Brown & Co. In "Henley's American Captain" Frank E. Channon adds to his stories of an American boy's experiences at a large English School an account of his election as captain of the school, and his share in football and rowing matches and other athletic

contests; in "Ned Brewster's Year in the Big Woods" Chauncey J. Hawkins describes the adventures of a city-bred boy who spends a year in the wilderness of New Brunswick, fishing and hunting, and studying at close range the habits of the deer and the moose; and in "Dave Morrell's Battery" Hollis Godfrey adds to his "Young Captains of Industry" series the story of a young inventor who constructed a storage battery of remarkable power and experienced many adventures and misadventures in getting it financed. All the books are illustrated,—the twenty pictures in Mr. Hawkins' tale being of special interest because they are from the author's photographs of deer and moose and other denizens of the woods.

To the peculiar charm which New England exercises over her own people, and over travelers from every part of the country, F. Lauriston Bullard pays fitting tribute in his "Historic Summer Haunts, from Newport to Portland." As good as a guide book to the quaint old towns on the seaboard and inland, it is something better also, for it not only imparts interesting facts but interprets the spirit of the places as well. A stranger to Plymouth, Quincy, Concord or any other of the thirteen historical and literary shrines which Mr. Bullard mentions, could gain from reading this book exact knowledge as to how he could best spend an hour, a day, or even longer. And the person who has already visited these "historic haunts" will find great pleasure in the reading, thus renewing and clarifying his own impressions. One of the most delightful things about the book is the manner in which Mr. Bullard touches the old traditions and matters of sentiment. He is alive to all the finer feelings and yet never swept away by them. He is never tiresome nor does he reiterate and force

his opinions upon the reader. A spirit of fair mindedness as well as local patriotism pervades the chapters. Valuable and attractive as is the text, it is further enriched by more than thirty illustrations in tint by Louis H. Ruyl. They are more suggestive and artistic than any photograph and are also very accurate. Whether the picture be "A Picturesque Bit of Gloucester Harbor," the "Old Burial Hill, Marblehead," or a stately Colonial doorway, the combination of realism and imaginative charm is the same. To the holiday shopper such a book will make a strong appeal. Many people seated around winter fire-sides planning summer trips will do far worse than to follow the itinerary suggested by Mr. Bullard's succeeding chapters. As a summer companion the book will prove invaluable. Little, Brown and Company.

In his introduction to "Egyptian Days" the author, Philip S. Marden, informs us that he has tried to "write a book that shall be helpful to the untutored—such a book in short as I myself should have been glad to discover when I first prepared to set out for Egypt but for which I sought in vain." With this end in view he has cast part of the book in the form of a journal of an ordinary voyage by steamer up the Nile such as any traveler might take. The opening chapters give much indispensable and kindly advice to the traveler, outline briefly such history as is necessary for an appreciative background, explain the old religion and describe the points of interest to be seen before the Nile journey is begun. The journal of the voyage which comprises the second part of the book is in the highest degree readable and graphic. Real wit and humorous observations are in abundance but in desirable proportion, amusing the reader but not leading his mind from the real subject at hand. Nowhere is the account

heavy or dull, and yet the easily flowing style conveys valuable and important impressions. The book is illustrated with reproductions of photographs, mostly of the author's own taking, a few being loaned by Mr. Lyneham Crocker of Boston. All are original and interesting and many are singularly beautiful in themselves. Those of architectural subjects show each detail with great faithfulness and give an idea of comparative sizes. While the Nile pictures with their strange winged boats are works of art. One can give the book no higher praise than to say that it adequately fulfills the author's intention, and is the best possible guide for the Egyptian enthusiast. Houghton Mifflin Company.

"Prudent Priscilla," by Mary C. E. Wemyss, will be read with pleasure by those who enjoyed "The Professional Aunt" and "People of Popham." For those who are not familiar with the former writings of this author, an automatic sifting is provided at the very beginning of the volume by inserting on page 5 the story of the widowed bananas. Those who find it foolish will read no further, and those who find it delightfully absurd or subtle may read on, assured of finding much more that will charm them. The book is unevenly written, but usually achieves the amusing, with some thoroughly happy phrases. It seems to be suggested at the close that the too, too sympathizing heroine (whose much too ready sympathy makes what plot there is) is to be transformed by motherhood, and one cannot help fancying that the patient husband, Richard by name but called Christopher by Priscilla because she feels like it, may welcome a new and less widely sympathizing spouse with as truly heartfelt gratitude as she will welcome the long-desired inmate for the sunny nursery. Houghton Mifflin Co.